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The Editors
CHERNENKO'S USSR:
IN & OUT OF FOCUS

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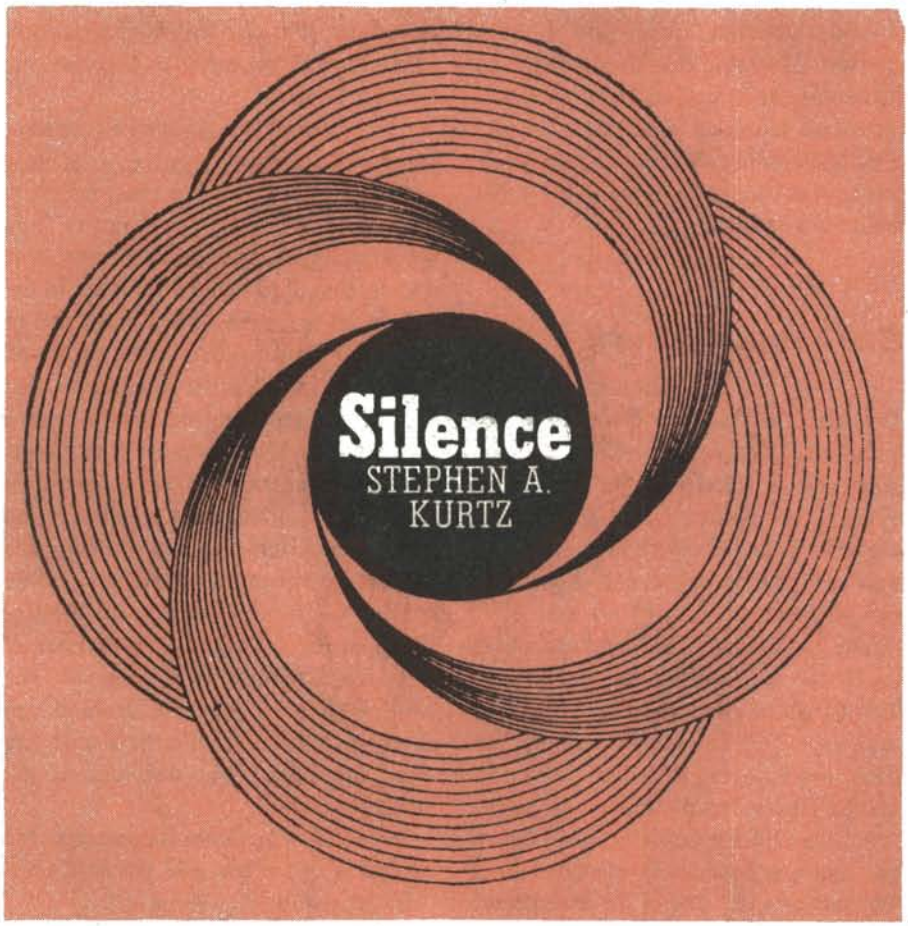

UP FROM MARCOS?
BISHOP FRANCISCO P. CLAVER

Marie Winn
LUNCH WITH MR. REAGAN

Francis J. Flaherty
ROSENBERG FILE

John A. Coleman
A SOCIABLE GOD

David Toolan
THE ESALEN MYTH

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Correspondence

Policy vs. permission

Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editors: I understand and appreciate the arguments in David Carlin's article on being a Democrat while being anti-abortion (Nov. 18), but I am extremely concerned that he unquestionably calls the Democratic position "pro-abortion." In doing so he fails to make the essential distinction between a policy and a permission.

Policy implies intent, action, and support. It elicits reward or blame. We are individually or collectively responsible for the policies we make.

A permission, on the other hand, is not a direct action. It does not commit the grantor to action, does not demand his support of that action, does not give him credit or blame. The action that is permitted or allowed is the responsibility of the person performing that action.

To say the Democratic party is pro-abortion simply because it permits choice in that matter is the equivalent of saying God is pro-evil because he permits evil.

MARION HALL

A modern revolution

Albuquerque, N.M.

To the Editors: John Garvey's essay "Gearing Up for War" [Jan. 13] was disturbing in itself; in the context of the issue in which it appeared, it was downright disheartening. The arms race will not be ended by massing up bigger conventional armies, or by congratulating "socialists" for not being "communists," or by tracing the development of the SS-20 to the Soviet military industrial complex.

Neither will it be ended by letting $36 billion in weapons contracts in a single year to ten firms, as we did in FY 82.

It will take a revolution to end the arms race. This is the modern revolution, which the arms race itself with its clearly apparent terminus has brought on.

The modern revolution in the United States will not be a violent revolution. The revolutionary leaders of the 1960s who once espoused violence no longer do so. Non-violent revolutions are more difficult to effect, but they are more thorough. They consist of hundreds, then thousands, then millions of people making the wrenching day-to-day decisions needed to force the transition. The modern revolution is a learning process.

Revolution in the twentieth century is necessarily international, because learning is quickly communicated. The Soviet physicist Markov likens the modern transfer of learning (in the arms race) to the heating of an iron bar from one end: very soon the other end will be at the same temperature. No successful revolution in the United States will leave the Soviet Union unchanged.

BARBARA FRANCIS

Burden of history

Staten Island, N.Y.

To the Editors: James O'Gara's article on Northern Ireland, "An Irreligious War" [Dec. 2], is balanced, and perceptive. What is lacking to a greater understanding of why there are such inveterate feelings on both sides of the issue is an historical perspective.

The pro-British, Protestant people in the North came into Ireland on the attainder of Irish property rights and confiscations in 1609. These confiscations had taken place over a period of years, not only in Ulster, but throughout the whole country until Irish Catholic ownership of the land was reduced to one-seventh of the country at the end of the seventeenth century. Penal Laws were enacted against Catholics which were only repealed in 1829 at Catholic Emancipation. Catholic public worship was enjoined. Catholics were debarred from Parliament, holding government office, the legal profession, and commissions in the army and navy. They were forbidden to buy or lease land for long periods. Tithes were mandated to the established church. The Catholic clergy were banished and forbidden to return under penalty of death for high treason. Restrictions were placed on Irish exports so that the Irish woolen trade was totally destroyed. Throughout the nineteenth century, we find repeated acts of coercion imposed on Ireland by the British Parliament at Westminster. With the beginning of the Northern Ireland Government in 1921, the British policy of keeping the Irish in place as second-class citizens was imposed through statute laws and gerrymandered districts. Discrimination in housing, voting and jobs was an established practice. Discrimination continued until the civil rights movement began in 1967; and as a result, when riots ensued in 1969, the British Government came in with its army to separate the warring factions.

The Northern Unionists are in constant dread of Irish Catholic takeover of their government, and feel they must do everything in their power to prevent it. They want nothing to do with what they feel is a Catholic controlled government in the twenty-six counties. When at the end of 1973, the British government proposed power-sharing for the Irish minority, and a Council of Ireland, the Northern Unionists brought down the government in a general strike rather than make such concessions. Irish history imposes the inescapable conviction that while under a British government, the Irish people cannot be free. British presence in Northern Ireland insures that division of Ireland and partition will continue. The two peoples in Northern Ireland can never get together while the British are there supporting one side against the other.

Mr. O'Gara mentions federation of the two parts of Ireland as a possible solu-

(Continued on page 159)

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Contents

Volume CXI, Number 5

Correspondence	130
Editorials	131
An open letter: *Marie Winn*	132
Kto Kogo?: *Alexander J. Motyl*	134
New Constantinianism: *John Garvey*	135
Silence: *Stephen A. Kurtz*	137
Free even in enslavement: *Francisco F. Claver*	141
Screen: *Tom O'Brien*	146
Recordings: *Mark Pruett*	147
Are charismatics off course?: *Juan-Lorenzo Hinojosa*	148
Verse: *Paul Petrie*	150

Books

The Rosenberg File: *Francis J. Flaherty*	151
Winter's Tale: *Thomas De Pietro*	152
A Sociable God: *John A. Coleman*	154
Erosion/The Kingfisher: *Rosemary Deen*	155
The Upstart Spring: *David Toolan*	157

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CHERNENKO'S USSR: IN & OUT OF FOCUS

FROM HISTORY TEXTS, from Eisenstein, more recently from *Reds*, most of us retain vivid images of Lenin, Trotsky, and the Old Bolsheviks who seized the helm of revolutionary Russia. Theorizing, debating, conspiring, in and out of jail or exile, rallying their troops at the podium or in print, they were men of ideas, men of action. Bad ideas, bad action, one might quickly add, but still with the aura of Lucifer and his fallen angels. It may be history's most mocking reprisal of these architects of proletarian dictatorship that the machinery they set in place now produces leaders to head the Great Revolution like Konstantin Chernenko, a man of no discernible public personality, whose known pronouncements are of a stunning mediocrity, and whose forty years of service in the coils of Communist party bureaucracy have linked his name to no major Soviet achievement whatsoever.

Given the history of the Soviet Union since 1929, when Chernenko became a minor propaganda operative in the bloody days of farm collectivization, his lack of notable achievement may actually be a recommendation. No one should rule out surprises, of course. But one has the distinct impression that Chernenko was promoted to his leading post precisely because surprises are what his fellow Politburo members don't want. Chernenko's reported caution, the settling of dust in the Soviet leadership, and the uncertainty of an election year in the United States combine to reduce the likelihood of any marked improvement in the frosty relationship between the superpowers — and, one hopes, of any marked worsening as well. Despite the short fuse which is Lebanon, events may really allow this nation a moment of reappraisal of its international rival.

"Evil empire" and "the focus of evil in the modern world" are the two controversial phrases that President Reagan launched in a speech to church leaders to describe the Soviet Union. Hard-liners cheered, saying the president was speaking the truth at last. Liberals either simply heaped obloquy on the president's remarks or insisted that, although they might be true, it was imprudent for the president to have used that kind of language. The last point has been partially conceded by Mr. Reagan himself, trying at the end of 1983 to project his famous amiability overseas. Unnoticed was the fact that the two phrases are significantly different. The Soviet Union *is* an "evil empire": which word, after all, would one challenge? The Soviet Union is not, however, "*the* focus of evil in the modern world." It is precisely the whole problem of international relations today to deal with the fact that the world is threatened by *multiple* evils — by an arms race with a frightening dynamic of its own; by starvation and uprooting of populations; by forms of oppression, from right-wing and left-wing and no-wing regimes, that are no less death-dealing and spirit-crushing because they do not emanate from Moscow, indeed may even find support in Washington. Whether the debate is over Euromissiles or grain embargoes or cutting off aid to Poland or sending aid to Central

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American rightists or dealing with South Africa or Syria, the problem is always negotiating a course among these multiple evils.

By now the Reagan administration has been roundly criticized for narrowing its view of the world's problems to the one issue of Soviet expansion. A crucial question for the electorate will be whether the administration has actually absorbed something from this criticism, as recent gestures might indicate, or whether a second Reagan term will simply mean an unqualified return to the original narrow vision. At the same time, it should be noted that a portion of the movement opposing the Reagan policies has an equally simple-minded view in which, in effect, the East-West conflict is dismissed as meaningless. The fact that many of these anti-war activists articulate their stance in terms of Christianity makes it noteworthy to us, however less serious a force they may actually be politically than Mr. Reagan and his followers. What we have in mind is frequently not expressed explicitly as much as manifested in a kind of double standard or selective vision when dealing with the Soviet Union and the U.S. A recent issue, for example, of *Sojourners* —a journal that has rightly earned much praise — carries a long article on the innocence of the Russian *people* (frankly, we have never encountered a Cold Warrior so ferocious that he or she was unwilling to say good things about the Russian people). The article more or less parallels Mr. Reagan's recent parable about Jim and Sally and Ivan and Anya, but goes beyond that to condemn anti-Communism as equivalent to anti-Semitism. Strikingly enough, the same issue carried an article in which it was said that the U.S."pursued genocide as matter of high policy in Vietnam"; that Richard Nixon is a "barbarian" and Henry Kissinger a "predator," both of them "soaked in the blood of their victims."The author insists "I do not even indulge in hyperbole," and one can easily imagine the evidence he would bring forward to support his denunciations. But if Nixon and Kissinger, why not Andropov and Gromyko? Would *Sojourners* print the same kind of accusations, or does "love your enemies" only begin at the Iron Curtain?

One of the consequences of this tendency to avoid the harsh realities of Soviet rule, the determined Soviet arms buildup of the seventies, and the ominous questions raised by the invasion of Afghanistan is to discredit the protest against the Reagan militarization of foreign policy — and to provoke centrists to their own excesses of "tough-mindedness."But apart from such self-inflicted injuries, the real reason for a view of the Soviet Union that is both unblinking and yet put in a larger framework of world problems is simple: peace will never be built on illusions — neither those of hardline warriors nor of utopian pacifists.

Going on 60

From Commonweal twenty-five years ago:
"In a recent issue of *Look* magazine, Senator Kennedy makes known his views on some of the questions about which non-Catholics are most concerned . . . Mr. Kennedy, according to the *Look* article, believes that 'religion is personal, politics are public, and the twain need never meet and conflict.'

". . . These forthright statements have been greeted with general satisfaction . . . But we cannot help having a few reservations . . . . That 'religion is personal, politics are public' is undoubtedly the Senator's belief, and that of many other, perhaps most, Americans. Perhaps it is unfair to cavil. Yet it seems an unnecessarily simple view of this most complex problem. Anyone seriously concerned with the relation of personal belief to matters of public policy receives little reassurance from the simple rejection of the problem in Senator Kennedy's statement."

— The Editors, "A Catholic for President?"
March 6, 1959

At the White House

AN OPEN LETTER
LUNCH WITH THE PRESIDENT

An open letter to Bruce Chapman, Director of the Office of Planning and Evaluation, who organized and moderated a Roundtable Luncheon on the Family at the White House on January 17, 1984.

DEAR MR. CHAPMAN:

Thanks for asking me to lunch with the president the other day. I was flattered and more than a little awed that the president of the United States wanted to hear my views on what the government might do to help American families. At the pre-luncheon briefing you encouraged your ten invited guests to come back to your office after lunch if we had any further reactions or suggestions. After all, you said, we might not get everything in during the three minutes we were allotted to present our ideas to the president. Since I had to rush off after our get-together, I thought I'd write you this letter instead.

To start with, I have nothing but praise for your considering the fate of the family of such importance that you actually got the president and vice-president to attend this "working" luncheon, as well as Messrs. Meese, Baker, Darman, and five other top White House advisors. I do think, however, that if you prevailed upon those powerful people to spend two hours of their valuable time at such a gathering, you might have assembled a more significant group of child and family experts than the curious collection you invited to the White House on the 17th. While Vance Packard, Landon Jones, and Pepper Schwartz are valuable social commentators, they are certainly not experts on children or families, nor, I'm afraid, am I.

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Connie Marshner worked hard on the Reagan-Bush election campaign and had interesting things to say on National Public Radio, but she hardly qualifies as a child or family authority. Your two conservative think-tankers, Michael Novak and Charles Murray, are neither of them specialists in this area, nor is Ernest Green of the NAACP, who is a partner in a Washington D.C. marketing-consulting firm. And th ı your two ultra-conservatives, James Dobson, who runs network of radio stations, and Tim LaHaye, who inveighed a ainst "secular zealots polluting the minds of innocent children" and proposed that the government establish an accepted moral value system all Americans would have to adhere to, something like the Hammurabi Code, he noted — well, I hardly think they addressed any of the pressing problems you mentioned on that page of suggested topics for discussion you sent us in advance — "Taxation, divorce, child abuse, housing costs, crime, abortion, adoption, drug abuse, teenage unemployment, missing and exploited children, etc."

Where was Marion Wright Edelman of the Children's Defense Fund, for instance, or Judith Wallerstein of the California Children of Divorce Project, or any of a number of eminent child specialists like T. Berry Brazleton or Burton White? Where were social scientists whose focus is on family matters, most notably Uri Bronfenbrenner, or one of the writer-teachers like Herbert Kohl or James Herndon who have worked with children and their families in public schools? The absence of a single such person made me begin to wonder whether you were seriously pursuing expert advice, or whether, perhaps, you were seeking approval for your present policies, so many of which have drastically cut back services to children and families.

My feeling that you are not really out to help families who need help was intensified during the pre-luncheon briefing, when representatives of three government departments arrived to fill us in on what your administration is actually doing for children and families. I naturally assumed that since each presentation was limited to a few minutes it would focus on the most important and effective programs your administration is pursuing. That's why I was somewhat taken aback when the spokesman for the Department of Health and Human Services spent so much time showing us those posters promoting family togetherness. Even though the renderings of happy families of all races and creeds were rather handsome, nevertheless this effort didn't seem of much use to the less happy, less "together" families in our society — those struggling with poverty, illness, alcoholism, divorce, abandonment, unwanted children, and the like. I didn't hear anything about what you are doing for those unfortunate citizens. (Of course the president himself did give us a clue as to the prevailing view on the use of public funds to help poor and needy families when, during lunch, he told us that anecdote about the girl who was so eager to leave home and get "a pad of her own," as he put it, that she got herself pregnant in order to set herself up with Aid to Families with Dependent Children funds she was now eligible to receive.)

When the Justice Department spokesman offered as his major contribution a program introducing volunteers into the courtrooms I began to feel even more uneasy. I couldn't help wondering whether such volunteers would be as helpful to young offenders in trouble with the law as a real lawyer provided by a publicly-funded program of legal assistance to the poor — the sort of program the present administration is working so hard to eliminate. Is it possible, I thought, that you really believe posters and volunteers are what's needed by people in serious trouble today?

My spirits lifted when a woman from the Labor Department described a program that really sounded great — a plan to help move poor women into the work force by providing all the support systems they might need to make a go of it — job training, day care, transportation. But when she mentioned that the budget for this worthy program is a mere $150,000 my heart sank again. Did you imagine that your selected guests would be happy to hear how thrifty the government is in providing so little help to the poor who, after all, might just be trying to rip you off in one way or another? You must have been distressed to hear Vance Packard speak out for family subsidies, during his three-minute talk at the lunch table, and to have him quietly observe that an entire program of such subsidies would cost less than a couple of strategic bombers. I wish I had said that.

I hope you didn't think it was ungracious of me to take issue with the president on his little joke about poverty. You remember, when he was explaining how government aid has so "institutionalized" poverty that people could no longer be poor with dignity as they used to be when he was growing up (just before his other anecdote about the girl from a "fancy" college who got in trouble during her vacation in Europe and financed an abortion with public funds on her return, and before his defense of the "squeal rule" and those things he had to say about Social Security making people lose their sense of responsibility towards their elders). When he laughingly added that poverty today no longer means an inability to get food and shelter, but seems to be merely the difference be-

EDITOR WANTED

Commonweal will be seeking an additional editor sometime in early spring. The position would involve writing, editing, working with authors, and numerous routine production tasks, much of this done under pressure and in a stimulating but spartan environment. There is some flexibility in regard to the starting date.

Applicants should be Roman Catholic lay women or men with wide cultural and political interests and knowledge. A demonstrated talent for lively, incisive writing is essential; some editorial experience is preferred. Four-day work week but modest salary. Applications by mail only. Applicants should include full curriculum vitae or resumé, writing samples, and a letter describing themselves and their interest in *Commonweal*. All applications will be considered confidential and given careful attention.

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tween having one car or two, I'm afraid I completely forgot it was the president of the United States who had uttered those words and I spoke a little sharply to him. I hope you didn't mind my taking an extra two minutes to tell him of some of the families I have come to know in the course of my work as a journalist who struggle stoically and desperately to make ends meet, and of great numbers of people living in my own neighborhood in New York who not only do not possess a single car, but for whom every subway ride is an expense that must be carefully weighed. "Oh dear," the president answered, with his disarmingly boyish grin, "I'm afraid my joke must have made you think I'm callous and unfeeling." But that wasn't what his words made me think. Rather, I had the unnerving impression that the president, and the others in his administration, are quite out of touch with the realities of life in America today.

After lunch I mumbled something about catching a plane and I left rather quickly. But I'm afraid my excuse did not entirely explain my haste. I suddenly felt a great need to return to the real world. Yours sincerely,

MARIE WINN

(Marie Winn is the author of The Plug-In Drug, *and the recently published* Children Without Childhood. *She is a regular contributor to the* New York Times Magazine.)

U.S. & USSR

KTO KAVO?

A CONSULATE IN KIEV

HISTORY, as Ronald Reagan has conclusively demonstrated, does indeed repeat itself. Angry at the Soviets for shooting down KAL 007, he has done exactly what Jimmy Carter, angry at the Soviets for invading Afghanistan, did over three years ago. Both presidents, in fits of self-destructive passion, resolved to "punish" the Soviet Union. How? Among other things, by breaking off negotiations for establishing a U.S. consulate in Kiev, the capital of the Soviet Ukraine. *Kto kavo?* — as Lenin once asked. Who is punishing whom?

Who really benefits from an American consulate in Kiev? Both presidents, evidently, appear to think it's the Soviets. But consider the following points:

1. The Ukraine, with a population of fifty million and a territory larger than that of France, is one of the world's major economic powers. A leader in the steel, chemical, and machine-building industries, the Ukraine also has vast reserves of iron and coal, and accounts for one-fifth of the USSR's grain harvest and more than one half of its sugar production. Only the United States and Japan exceed its output in tractors, and no country in Europe outproduces it in diesel locomotives. In addition to the above products, the Ukraine exports trucks, metallurgical and mining equipment, lathes, precision instruments, and electronic and optical devices to over one hundred countries. Within the Soviet Union, it leads in the development of computer technology and know-how.

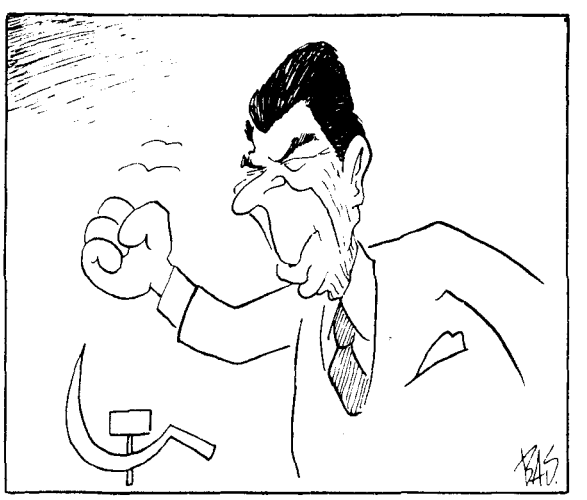
Just as noteworthy is the Ukraine's political importance. As the largest non-Russian republic, with a long history of nationalism and anti-Russian sentiment, the Ukraine represents the greatest challenge to the Kremlin's policy of ethnic management. The Ukraine, as Sovietologist Seweryn Bialer points out, is the key to the USSR's ethnic stability.

But what do Americans know about the Ukraine? The answer, unfortunately, is next to nothing. Government officials, journalists, and academics still tend to confuse it with Russia — an error tantamount to identifying Austria with Germany, or Canada with the United States. While William Clark may permit himself the luxury of such ignorance, a world power may not. Not understanding the Ukraine means not understanding the Soviet Union and its place in the world. And that, inevitably, means not understanding U.S.-USSR relations.

2. But a Kiev consulate doesn't just serve an educational purpose. It also gives the United States the opportunity to score substantial propaganda points against the USSR. The Soviets insist that the Ukraine is a sovereign republic. And indeed, it has a ministry of foreign affairs and the formal right to engage in diplomatic relations; together with the similarly privileged Belorussian SSR, it enjoys a seat in the United Nations and numerous other international organizations. Starting in January 1984, the Ukraine began serving on the UN Security Council.

So why not put the Soviets to the test? Why not "build bridges" to the Ukraine and Belorussia by establishing a consulate in the capital of a member of the Security Council and, perhaps, eventually requesting an exchange of ambassadors? The Kremlin would face an unenviable choice: either grant the Ukraine and Belorussia greater international autonomy along East European lines or admit to the international community that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics really is just a facade for a modern-day Russian empire.

3. A consulate would also be to the advantage of Ukrainian dissidents. Instead of traveling to Moscow to publicize their



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cause, the dissenters could communicate with the West via the American diplomats stationed in Kiev and the Western journalists sure to follow. In a word, dissident isolation from the world would lessen. While this is hardly going to stop the KGB from cracking down, it may give Andropov's successors second thoughts about the best way of approaching their dissident problem. Exile to the West may be considered less damaging to the USSR's image than imprisonment in Siberia.

4. Finally, the 634,154 Jews in the Ukraine would benefit from a U.S. consulate. Like Ukrainian dissidents, Jewish refuseniks would more easily be able to publicize their plight and maintain a lifeline to the West. Many Americans know about Iosif Begun, who was recently tried in Moscow, but how many have heard of Yuri Tarnopolsky, imprisoned in Kharkov? And particularly now, the need for American support is urgent and growing. The "Anti-Zionist Committee of the Soviet Public" has been let loose on Soviet Jewry, anti-Semitic propaganda has been intensified, repression of refuseniks has increased, and Jewish emigration has all but stopped. Minimally, a Kiev consulate would provide invaluable moral assistance to this beleaguered Soviet minority.

These, then, are the pluses. What are the minuses? What do the Soviets get in return? A consulate in New York — which means a few more spies to supplement those already at the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. Surely, the benefits of a U.S. consulate in Kiev outweigh the costs of a Soviet consulate in New York.

But, unfortunately, all of this is theory. In practice, both Presidents Carter and Reagan have shown that they have little appreciation for the vast opportunities that the Soviet "nationality question" offers United States diplomacy. Must justified American displeasure with Soviet behavior be counterproductive to be convincing? *Kto kavo?* Who wins? Certainly not Americans, Ukrainians, and Jews.

ALEXANDER J. MOTYL

(Alexander J. Motyl, a preceptor in the Department of Political Science at Columbia University, is the author of numerous articles on Soviet and East European affairs.)

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

NEW CONSTANTINIANISM?

PEOPLE'S CHURCH OR MORAL MAJORITY

DURING THE POPE'S visit to Central America there were reports, in the *Nation* and other places, of a conflict involving Nicaragua's "People's Church" more or less versus the Papal Church — and stick figures were drawn to illustrate both. On the one side were the lively, vibrant People, discovering the fresh truth of the Gospel and liberation, which was equated with socialism; on the other side was the reactionary, heavily clerical Papal Church, identified with the establishment and oppression.

The picture is, of course, a little more complicated than that. There are people who support the papacy and social change, and they worry about the manipulation of an anti-papal form of Catholicism which could be used as an arm of whatever government currently has power. There are people who are cynical enough to use the People's Church for that purpose. (Those who uncritically support such movements should look at the history of the Living Church in post-revolutionary Russia.) And then there are Catholics who believe that the People's Church represents an important new development in the evolution of Christianity; granted that its beginnings will be full of false starts, it has in some ways the marks of the kind of theology we have been taught to respect, one which develops from the grass roots and rises. All of these points of view are held against the backdrop of a complicated history of oppression, much of it sanctioned or at the very least tolerated by the Catholic church.

I do not want to defend the role of the Catholic church in the present or past history of Latin America, or the behavior of John Paul II or any previous pope. John Paul II's manners in Nicaragua may have been perfectly terrible. I won't debate the point.

What does worry me is an attitude which can be found floating next to ideas like the "People's Church" and some of what I have seen written about "the option for the poor," which is seen as the vocation of the Catholic and other Christian churches in our time. In arguing my point I am a little uncomfortable, because what I say can be used selectively and I certainly don't intend that — I am not arguing for an option for the rich, or suggesting that the previous indifference of Christians to the violence and oppression created by unjust economic systems was at all justified. The attention which liberation theology has brought to the question of systemic evil, and our responsibility for social as well as personal moral questions, is entirely right. But it is important that the results of that attention do not lead to a new form of a recurrent Christian problem. There is a form of liberation theology which is Constantinian religion in a new guise; it is not significantly different from what the Moral Majority is saying. My objection to the Moral Majority is not to the fact that its politics are right-wing and mine are not, but to its willingness to use the coercive instrumentality of government to force its points home. That something good is being done for me in Jesus's name *whether I like it or not* bothers me, whatever the ideology of the person who is doing me this heavy favor.

It is important to distrust those who know what is good for you. They don't trust your own searching or uncertainty, having forgotten their own or, worse, never having experienced such things.

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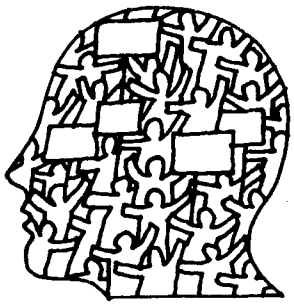
They don't understand that a truth which is not discovered or encountered personally, or at the level of experience, is hardly a truth at all, but a memorized fact, a right answer to be offered the interrogator and not something real which grows in us, as truth does. Those who believe that the state (whether it is Sandinist or Reaganite) ought to put their programs into effect are impatient with those who question the instrumentality of coercion. It is, after all, for a good cause. What is government for if it is not to make things *right*? And what is right if not Jesus Christ's own program for decent government? That may mean jailing the pornographer or seizing the landowner's estate; it may mean the institution of prayer in the public schools or the placing of a picture of the martyrs of the revolution in every classroom. And those people, many if not most of them poor, who identify their Christianity with the icon of Our Lady of Guadalupe rather than with the latest pietà created by the revolution must be reeducated to see religion rightly.

There are people who have died in the cause of revolution, believing that their deaths would free others. It is important to recognize that they have killed in that belief as well. Should their deaths, because they were brave and because they occurred in countries given to Catholic iconography, be invested with a religious significance which tends to drive away questions which Christians must ask if they are to remain honest?

The most shocking scandal at Christianity's heart is that Jesus died as much for the slaveholder as for the slave, for the oppressor as for the oppressed. The command to love your enemies is total and unconditional. It is easy for the pacifist to turn it against the warmonger — "You must love the Russians!" — but harder for the pacifist to turn it against himself: he must love (that is, he must have genuine compassion for and learn to suffer with) the warmonger, a state of being which can have nothing to do with condescension and which means that ultimately the warmonger will be seen as something rather more complicated than a warmonger. The same is true of the person who oppresses me, and not only



me, but my children as well. Perhaps one must be moved to resistance; but that resistance is a matter of tragedy, a sign of our distance from what we are called to be, and not ever an occasion for religious celebration.

The unfortunate fact of life here below is that any allegiance to any form of politics which allows itself armies, jails, state-sanctioned death, or coercion of any sort involves the separation of human beings from one another, the suspending of the obligation to love, and even where this is considered to be absolutely necessary for the sake of justice it is a matter to be mourned; it is tragic. When people speak of Christian politics I feel queasy. We've had enough of it — too much of it, in fact. Christian politics in the past gave us the Inquisition and the Crusades, Cromwell's genocide, conversion at the point of a sword, and all the rest of it.

We should take our politics straight. If it is just to redistribute the land, let it be done in the name of a justice which can be agreed upon by Christians, Jews, and agnostics. Don't ever do it in the name of Jesus. Christ calls for conversion, and in Christian terms the landowner should give what he does not need to the poor. It is the church's duty to preach this, and its failure to do so is one of its past sins. But it is not in Christian terms that what the landowner has may be taken from him by force. I am not arguing that what he owns should not perhaps be taken — but not in the name of Jesus, rather in the name of justice. Christian considerations may move us to the pursuit of justice, but the identification of a particular political agenda with Christianity is dangerous.

If I were a Jew in Nicaragua, or in any country where social change and the will of God ran the risk of being equated, I would worry. Anyone eager to equate socialism and Christianity should have another look at Dostoevsky's chapter on the Grand Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov*. They might also read Shusako Endo's fine novel *The Samurai* (Harper & Row, 1982), which offers this description of a staged encounter between Japanese visitors and Latin American Indians who are being shown off by those who have colonized them. There are echoes here of the Grand Inquisitor, and of Peter's betrayal:

> Velasco nudged the old Indian's shoulder and pushed him in front of the Japanese. Unlike the villagers, he was wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat; he stood stiffly before them like a nervous child.
>
> Velasco questioned him like a priest hearing a child's catechism.
>
> "Are all of the people who live here Christians?"
>
> "*Si*, Padre."
>
> "Are your people happy that you have abandoned the mistaken beliefs of your ancestors and heard the teachings of the true God?"
>
> "*Si*, Padre."
>
> "What have you people learned from the padres who come here?"
>
> "*Si*, Padre. We have learned to read and write. And to speak Spanish." The headman stared at the ground; his replies were mechanical, as though he were muttering memorized phrases. "And how to sow seeds and cultivate a field. And how to tan leather."
>
> "Are all your people pleased with this?"
>
> "*Si*, Padre."
>
> Somewhere in the village a cock crowed, and from the corner of the square a throng of naked children stiffly observed this facsimile of a trial.
>
> Velasco turned triumphantly towards the Japanese. As he did so, a strong, sweet-and-sour odor rose from his armpit, but Velasco was oblivious to it. "We have built up these villages of God in Nueva España. I am sure that all the Indians who have become Christians are happy."

JOHN GARVEY

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From the silence of the psychoanalyst to the silence of God

SILENCE

STEPHEN A. KURTZ

A time to keep silence, and a time to speak.
Ecclesiastes 3:7

I. The Silence of the Analyst

THE ANALYST offers his silence as a sanctuary for all the elements of the hour. Within it, whatever occurs between the first and the fiftieth minutes finds an integral place. Thus his silence includes not only the words and gestures of each participant, but also the routine sounds of neighborhoods, the heat, the lingering traces of cigars and perfume.

Even the analyst speaks against the background of his silence.

This ground — which gives meaning not only to words but to passages of inflected silence — is never neutral. Unlike the quietness of the forest, or of the moon, it is filled with intention. Moreover, it has a history in the analyst's sacrifice of speech, which is sacrifice in a very literal sense — an offering of something valuable for a still more valued purpose. Some may have a talent for silence. Others are possessed by it. ("I did not enter into silence," said Ezra Pound, "silence captured me.") But for most analysts, the capacity for silence is acquired through discipline.

In this way, the analyst is heir to an ancient ascetic tradition. Concerning silence, the *Rule* of St. Benedict and the sayings of the Desert Fathers already assume a Biblical history. So Benedict, quoting *Proverbs* and the *Psalms*, counsels that "frequent leave to talk not be granted those advanced in perfection, even though the subject be good, holy, and edifying."

This wisdom recognizes that the experience of silence may reveal to the practitioner what even the best words cannot. And the experience includes not merely wordlessness, but the active suppression of speech.

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In renouncing speech — even in this circumscribed way — we yield up something fundamentally human — a central means for declaring and expressing our existence. It is a kind of annihilation. Viewed this way, silence is equated with death. To discover that our lives are "rooted in a silence that is not death but life" one must first keep quiet. And keeping quiet entails anxiety.

Because silence is a learned technique, the analyst who has not yet made it his own can feel himself gagged — silenced against his will. To capture the feeling of *forced* silence would require the testimony of children forbidden to speak, or of criminals before the Enlightenment whose lips and tongues were amputated for blaspheming. We would need the witness of those — censored poets and prophets — who, in the very midst of their fellowmen, were placed under bans of silence. In this way Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn committed reams of writing to memory in the camp of Ekibastuz. Behind the cell door of his forced silence he was building a universe — his refuge — never knowing if anyone would share it. In acquiring the art of silence the analyst can raise the childhood ghosts of home and school where, no matter how urgent his need to speak, silence was imposed upon him.

But silence can also be self-imposed — a gesture that, in the arts, contains an avant-garde ideal. Rimbaud exchanged his poetry for slave trading and Duchamp his complex visual art for chess. Such "silences" are shocking. But silence is shocking even in itself because it breaks a basic social code. For this reason it contains the possibility of unexpected insight and freedom. But at a price. There is guilt for not speaking. Since the patient is paying for words, the analyst cheats and deprives him with his silence. Because of this he can experience himself as cruel and ungenerous. Moreover, by breaking this code a landmark is lost and we step into an uncharted world. If responses are not required, what *can* we count on? This disorientation is shared by both analyst and patient.

Being disoriented in this way heightens the analyst's sensitivity to all the events of the hour — but above all to the power of the living word. In times of trouble, multitudes are dazzled by messiahs and demagogues who capture us with words. And it is precisely in times of trouble that the analyst's

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help is sought. The new awareness of his power can be intimidating. Silence demands an apprenticeship.

Very gradually, the analyst achieves technical mastery. The choice of speaking or not speaking comes within his conscious control. Now, having become capable of virtuosity, his silence can also be plainly cruel. Or it can assume a Romantic caste: the rigorous, delicately nuanced beauty of silence — his creation — draws him into its vortex.

From a popular point of view, the power of the analyst's silence is more accessible than its aesthetics. Indeed, the analyst sitting in stony silence behind the couch, has become a stock figure of our age. Functionally, this silence mirrors the speech of another archetypal figure — Dr. Baloardo of the Italian Comedy. The purpose of the stock analyst's silence and of Baloardo's cascade of Latin jargon is the same: to preserve the difference in status between doctor and patient. Both caricatures also reveal a sadistic element: the good doctor must practice his cure even at the cost of his patient's life. And the analyst must preserve his technique even if his patient suffers.

THERE IS MORE than a kernel of truth in these caricatures. Watching his patients caught in silence's strings, the analyst can feel like a master of marionettes — a subtle and invisible Svengali. His silence enables or provokes a multitude of responses in his patients that reveal everything about them — leaving him perfectly castled in anonymity. Little by little his silence erodes their defenses, rendering them infantlike and hungry. Then, with one word, he can feed them and earn that measure of gratitude only children can offer.

The stage of the analyst's development in which he takes self-conscious pleasure in the power of silence is a necessary one. Any artist who acquires proficiency in a technique revels for a while in its exercise. To this stage of development, for example, belongs Bach's D Minor Toccata and its breathtaking Fugue. They may lack the depth of his later work when a fully integrated technique became the perfect expression of his being. But on this level below the sublime we are moved in very human ways. Equally self-conscious is the journeyman analyst's sense of the aesthetic value of his silence. It is, to a degree, an art-for-art's-sake aesthetic, divorced from the function of therapy. There are nodal moments (hours, weeks) when the long work seems to distill itself in crystalline form. One drop and the cloudy liquid turns a limpid green. At such times the analyst can experience his silence as an awed breathholding. It is as if he holds in his two hands a globe of thin glass in which the primal world takes shape. Thus power, indeed omnipotence, are also part of this experience. The analyst feels such episodes to be beautiful and precious. He takes them out for colleagues to admire. In notebooks and publications he sets them in bezels of his most careful prose.

But his pride is inseparable from his shame. For he also senses the condescension in treating patient and process as his creations. If he fails to transcend this view they will become truly inert or else will leave him diminished and alone.

The silence of the "perfect" hour is not the analyst's only aesthetic response. Sometimes, centered at the heart of his silence, he appreciates the perfection of things as they are. From this inclusive position, the syncopated unfolding in advances and retreats, the arhythmic progress and regress of the hour, appear sufficiently beautiful. This silence makes no judgments, imposes no demands. Neither is it the silence of the sea bottom that receives all things unknowingly. An intelligence informs it that seeks to discern the order in what simply is the case.

Such moments foreshadow the masterly silence of the analyst's maturity. Now he has become his silence, which is nothing less than the expression of his particular way of being. Because his silence has ceased to be a technique (necessarily distinct from the user) but has grown to be a manifestation, it is no longer manipulative and controlling. It does not force an order upon the hour. In a gentle way, it contains it.

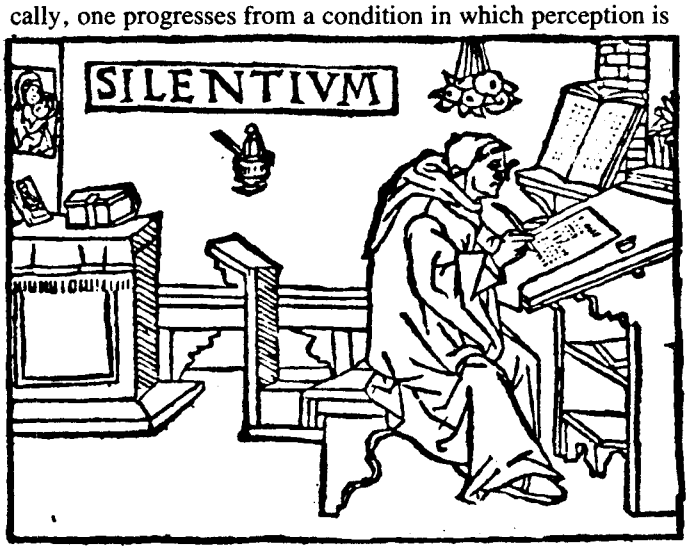
John Cage, whose own work (especially 4'31") exemplifies this principle, writes of Morton Feldman that he has "changed the responsibility of the composer from making to accepting. To accept whatever comes regardless of the consequences is to be unafraid or to be full of that love which comes from a sense of atoneness with whatever."

The analyst's growth in silence is precisely a growth in acceptance.

Within this context, interpretations, questions, comments, *inflected* silences, all continue to occur. They are areas of organization that develop within the silence, knots of condensed energy in the field. Such interventions have a value of their own. They reflect one view of the analyst's function as reinterpreter/teacher (a cognitive/emotive function), in contrast to the view of him as container/presence (an existential function).

But in the analytic process, the cognitive is inseparable from the existential. This concept is perfectly expressed in Jesus's startling assertion: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." We take in the teaching while incorporating (adoring) the man. In this way the analytic relationship belongs to the family of human relations that includes guru:novice and parent:child.

It also belongs to the family of spiritual paths explicitly or implicitly outlined by various religious systems. Schematically, one progresses from a condition in which perception is



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well but mistakenly organized to a breakdown and restructuring of perception in better accord with some socially acknowledged reality. If the process does not end here, the analysand moves to a stage where the structuredness of experience itself is understood as apparent and there is a greater capacity to accept and value a more aleatoric world. All along the way, the analyst's uninflected silence stands for the noumenal order, different in kind from *any* system of organized experience.

THE VALUE of an uninflected, attentive silence has been noted by virtually every writer on the subject. When the analyst's silence maintains this quality, it becomes the *cantus firmus* against which the patient's motives unfold. Yet few analysts have actually traced that unfolding. Among them, Theodore Reik's 1926 lecture on "The Psychological Meaning of Silence" remains unique.

Reik observed that this silence is experienced in the beginning as benevolent interest. But little by little it changes its meaning. The patient wishes to avoid something difficult, at first substituting other things, but ultimately growing silent — like the analyst himself.

Then as the first serious resistance becomes manifest, the analyst's silence takes on the quality of a refusal to speak. The patient's effort now becomes directed at breaking the analyst's silence by giving more and more of what he believes the analyst wants to hear. But no matter what and how much he produces, the silence continues. Now it begins to feel like outright denial.

This is a period of intense anxiety in which silence is experienced as a loss of love accompanied by intense guilt and castration fears.

Inexorably the silence goes on. Now the patient may begin to wish the analyst dead or to entertain the thought that he may actually be dead. This fantasy can be expressed in the feeling that the analyst is at a great distance.

Reik concludes that this development traces "a return of feeling which played an important role in the patient's relationship to an old love object — from the original tenderness to the embitterment over an imagined or actual denial. The transition from one interpretation of silence to another is by no means as obvious as it may seem at first glance."

Reik's discussion — valuable for its uniqueness — traces the patient's reaction to an *implacably* silent analyst.

The *relative* silence of the more usual analyst does undergo changes in meaning for the patient as the treatment unfolds, but I would trace this evolution differently. First, the initial perception of the analyst's silence as benevolent interest is never lost. It is against this ground that the patient struggles both to maintain and to dismantle his defenses. The analyst's silence is alternately a dark closet into which the patient's worst fears are projected ("you find me boring; you've gone away") and a clear space in which he is seen as listening with care while the patient struggles toward a new sense of himself and the world.

The patient's reactions to the analyst's silences (as well as the patient's own silences) reveal the workings of integrative drives as well as of resistances. But for Reik, and others of his generation, silence could only be perceived negatively. They identify silence with resistance and death, and speech with life. So, for Reik, the expression 'dead silent' is redundant. "At the deepest level," he believed, "the anxiety of silence is death anxiety. Thus if speech and silence seem to us to be verbal expressions of life and death drives, it becomes clear to us that silence came before speech, that speech arose from silence as life from death. In the beginning, was the word, but before this there was the great silence. If we here are only 'on leave from death' then all speech is only a fleeting interruption of the eternal silence."

Reik's poetic insight is misleading. The tension is not, as he would have it, between silence and speech, but between life and death, either of which may modify these and other categories of experience. The patient's experience of one *aspect* of silence — silence-as-death — can be like Christ's harrowing of Hell, literally the passage between death and resurrection. If the analyst can transcend technique, as well as the particularities of his own silence, then he can *enter into* this experience with his patient. The purpose of that mythical foray into Limbo, after all, was to liberate the souls held captive since the death of Adam. And liberation is the purpose of this descent as well. It becomes a liberating possibility because, unlike the death-silence of the patient's infancy, this expedition is made jointly. The patient is not alone.

II. The Silence of the Patient

ALMOST ALL of the earlier psychoanalytic papers on silence, beginning with Ferenczi's "Silence is Golden" (1916) speak of the patient's silence as a resistance phenomenon. Since, in the most obvious way, the patient's silence breaks the fundamental rule by denying verbal access to the unconscious (in the limited sense of primary process) it is resistance *par excellence*. But while silence in the hour is — by definition — resistance, resistance may be no less communicative and illuminating than an unblocked chain of associations. This is especially true in the communication of experiences which were themselves nonverbal or which belonged to a pre-verbal stage of development.

If the silence is largely a stoppage of communication — the suppressing of conflictful thoughts or feelings that are largely preconscious — a few words of interpretation will often start the flow of speech again. Much more is required when silence is the primary mode of communication and the material is largely unconscious. Then the analyst must pay exquisite attention to his own reactions. More poignantly than any other, the encounter with a silent patient reveals the two-person nature of the analytic process.

Many shared silences between analyst and patient, between lovers and friends, are concentrated moments of communion. Well individuated people can share times of deep appreciation — a sentiment I associate with the ability to love without blurring one's boundaries. Sometimes they are birth-moments of incorporation — the patient takes the analyst in as a new object and an indestructible resource. Or there can be a joyful

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mingling of feelings that is not threatening but revitalizing. These are *healing* passages in a relationship. Perhaps for that reason the psychoanalytic literature, with its inevitable focus on the knottier moments in the process, offers little technical and even less clinical material on the subject. But, increasingly in the last twenty-five years, there has been a willingness to question the conventional view of silence as simple resistance and to explore its integrative values.

For example, silence can be the medium in which many subtle issues of identity formation belonging to the earliest developmental phases are played out. In this silence, the patient may experience himself being held in a deep symbiotic union. How else but in silence could this primitive non-verbal state be revived? This too is an achievement since it represents a state of profound trust that is the result of successfully laying aside outmoded defenses. And having done so, a deep inner peace becomes possible. Patient and analyst transcend the working alliance to share in a state of communion. This is the silence celebrated by Valéry — that core of authentic existence from which one soul, wordlessly, grasps the reality of another:

L'on se comprend sans vaines paroles
Et sans dissiper par le bruit des voix
La charme devin des ideés folles . . .''

After nearly a full session of silence, a patient in his mid-thirties who had been very spiky and argumentative during four years of treatment, described this fantasy: ''I was sitting in a rocking chair giving my son his bottle. I felt so close to him, so full. Tears welled up. Then I had the sense that you were holding me as I was holding him, very lovingly. The three of us were nested like a set of Chinese boxes, like a sort of Trinity. I knew that I could never lose you, just as my son can never lose me.''

Because he could never lose me, I knew that the end of the analysis was in sight. The poignancy of such moments can, of course, be talked about. But in some sense it cannot be shared. Silence is the only truthful response.

III. The Silence of God

IF WE RECOGNIZE the mystery in our capacity to hear one another fully then God's sentient silence is no more — and no less — mysterious. It is no stranger that we are heard by an infinite being, in no way comparable to ourselves, than that we — shut up in our skins, each one a unique congeries of private experience — should participate in one another's joys and pains. If these mysteries are equal, then prayer and human communication are on the same footing. This is, of course, part of the meaning of loving God in loving one another. So, by extension, we pray to one another and to God in listening and speaking to one another from our hearts.

The problem of the possibility of communication — between man and man and between man and God — is an ancient one and cannot be said to have been answered once for all. The questions themselves, however, are symptomatic. They do not arise except in contexts where faith in the communality of experience and in God's presence have been disturbed. They arise at times of crisis in the lives of individual people. And they arise as well in the crises of civilizations. When they do, the questions — and the answers — seem to echo from age to age. It was in such an atmosphere of doubt and upheaval that Nicholas of Cusa asked these questions, and proposed some curiously fertile answers.

In the tremulo between excitement and anxiety that charged the early Renaissance, Nicholas faced the incomprehensibility of God. If God is infinite, he reasoned, then his reality transcends the logic by which human thought is governed. The principle of contradiction does not apply to him and he can only be ''understood'' as the synthesis of opposites *(coniunctum oppositum)*. Yet, since language is the instrument of Reason, we cannot speak of this synthesis; nor can we understand it. It means at best a mysterious apprehension. In this, Nicholas prefigures Wittenstein whose dictum *''Wovon Mann nicht sprechen kann, daruber muss Mann schweigen''* does not discount the reality of what lies beyond language; it merely counsels silence.

If God is infinite and incomprehensible, what is the relationship between man and God that would make prayer possible? Nicholas evolved a response that, despite its conceptual strangeness, carries intuitive weight. First he argued by mathematical analogy that God, as infinite Being, is ''He whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.'' In this way, any point can be taken as the world's center with each individual creature in some concentrated way mirroring and expressing its Creator.

If God's center is everywhere, therefore, he is at *our* centers, and prayer becomes the process by which we contact him through the centering of ourselves. The same process of centering becomes equally critical for contacting our own central selves and one another's, which can be seen as forms of prayer.

WHAT IS centering? In part, it is the process by which we move from the agitated periphery of our lives — and which we tend to identify with our lives *tout court* — to a silent interior space that, however empty it may appear, will reveal itself as indescribably full.

The ''agitated periphery'' — the constant buzz that surrounds the silent core — consists greatly in the living out of painfully disturbed self-concepts and models for relationship. In the space of a life in which we are unknown to ourselves and to one another, how can God be other than a stranger? In such a life, God is not omnipresent (and thus also internal), he is merely *out there*. But God ''out there'' is reduced to an inflated parent — alternately smiling or frowning, rewarding, punishing, promising, threatening — as we succeed or fail in being good children. Moreover, this concept of God is animated by primitive, magical thinking and so the believer — who feels like a child — is more comfortable with the institutionalized magic of parent-like religious structures

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* Without recourse to words, each to the other known,
Unbroken by our voices' cannonade
We hold this fragile world our dreams have made.

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mediating and formalizing his relationship to the Big Parent.

Thus a first stage of prayer, as centering, consists in the psychoanalysis of God.

Although this process is especially concerned with the transference to God of the childhood relationship with the parents, it becomes inseparable from the analysis of the character and other defenses that develop in the context of that primal relationship. It is with these armoring and distorting defenses that we approach God, ourselves, and others — impenetrable to the actuality of our experience. As they are ever more deeply analyzed, and we become more open to the truth of our lives as children, we become increasingly vulnerable. We cease to be merely infantile adults — unconsciously repeating patterns of living developed in infancy — we become childlike indeed. Then, having made room for God to enter, we become open to a new reality. The space cleared for his entry may at first be experienced as a deserted silence. But then, as Georges Bernanos discovered, "Suddenly I perceived that the silence was a presence. At the heart of the silence there was Him Who is all stillness, all peace, all poise."

But before that discovery is made, the emptiness can be devastating. We have come to recognize what God is not, but we have no new concept to put in its place. The loss of the old God — however nagging or infantilizing he may have been — can be experienced as a desertion. Knowing no other way, we took these attentions for love, and when we come to recognize them for what they are, we are left pained, rageful, and then alone.

To be reborn out of this silence can be experienced as sudden revelation or, less dramatically, as a slow, episodic unfolding of new value. When we cease to serve a narcissistic God, who demands that we be for him, our own healthy narcissism gains support. Now our talents, our *selves*, are gifts to him. We do not have to distort them to find acceptance. When we feel adored by God, just as we are, we come into a new relation to ourselves that affirms our power and lovability.

THE PHILIPPINES—YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW

Free even in enslavement

FRANCISCO F. CLAVER

THERE WAS HORROR — worldwide, universal — at the blood spilled on the tarmac of the Manila International Airport in August when Ninoy Aquino was felled by an assassin's bullet. There was none — or at least none loud enough, noticeable enough to make a difference — at the flood of blood that had been flowing in the Philippines prior to that one murder.

It is not that I begrudge Ninoy the outpouring of grief and indignation his death unleashed. No, his death was horrendous beyond belief and deserved all the condemnation it received. But the pain is there nonetheless at the unnoticed, unmourned killings-in-the-mass of countless other Filipinos who died — and are still dying — for the same reasons that Aquino was shot.

So pardon me if I express myself with not a little anger. It is an anger that has been with us ever since we woke up to an eerie silence one morning — September 22, 1972, to be exact — and found to our consternation we had become a nation of slaves. Literally overnight. For us clergy and religious of Bukidnon, the anger crystalized later into public protest at the killing, in one of our parishes shortly after that fateful September day, of a man suspected of "subversion" while still detained in jail. The pattern was there early on. The anger was there too, righteous but impotent.

It is not this anger that I am concerned with here — at least not explicitly. I will discuss the Philippines, what it is today, what it will be tomorrow. And let me try not letting the anger to which I just admitted intrude. I will dwell on today and tomorrow. But I would like to preface what I have to say with a little of yesterday, for the past explains something of the present, and both together do the same for the future.

The Philippines, an archipelago of some 7,400 islands, was settled thousands of years ago by seafaring folk either directly from mainland Asia or indirectly through island-Indonesia. Archeologists and anthropologists are still hard at it proposing theory after exotic theory about the beginnings of the various peoples who were the predecessors of the eighty and more language groups of today. (Hard scholarship needs hard cash, and we do not have that kind of money to dig out our past.)

In 1521, Magellan stumbled on us and we were declared "discovered." By the end of the century, we were duly Christianized and conquered (not necessarily in that order — the reverse is truer) except for the mountain tribes of northern Luzon and the Muslim peoples of Mindanao and Sulu in the south — enclaves of resistance to the cross and sword of the Spaniards.

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We remained a crown colony of Spain up to the end of the last century. A willing or unwilling one? A case can be made for either point of view depending on what one will make of the more than three hundred instances of sporadic revolt of conquered tribes under Spanish colonial rule. In 1898, we were handed over, for a measly twenty million dollars, to American tutelage after "the Battle of Manila Bay" (it was no battle) when President McKinley decided — after prayer on his knees, we are told — that it was the manifest destiny of America to take the islands in hand and guide us into enlightened ways. We became a Commonwealth in 1935 and in 1945 we were to become independent. The Pacific War intervened and the Japanese lorded it over us from 1941 to 1945. A year later, still dazed and battered by the ravages of war, we were granted independence. Our history since then has been even more colorful because for once we could bungle it ourselves. And bungle it, we did.

Someone with more than an acute sense of history has succinctly summarized our post-"discovery" history thus: we lived for four hundred years in a Spanish convent, forty years in Hollywood, four years in a Japanese prison. To keep up the caricature, I guess we could add: the first twenty-four years of our freedom we spent trying to build our own house from the remains of past structures only to have it turned forcibly, twelve years ago, into a "safe-house" — a place of detention, that is, and torture.

That was our yesterday. One can quarrel with the reading of it. But the hard fact is, we were wards, to put it mildly, first of Spain, then of America, and very briefly and lastly of Japan; but when we were finally free of all foreign landlords and tried in chaotic freedom to become masters of our own house, we fell back into thralldom because one man wanted it so. For our own good, he said. And this brings us to today.

DESCRIBING OUR PRESENT situation as slavery may strike you as overdramatic. So let me say something here about what martial law has meant for us all these years.

It was imposed on the country, unbeknown to us, on the night of September 21, 1972. By evening of the next day, after a whole day of total ignorance (an effective gimmick, by the way, for a would-be dictator who would control, by terror, an entire nation), we learned from President Marcos himself that he had signed a decree, effective as of the night before, putting the whole country under martial law. And the reason he alleged: the imminent danger of subversion of the state by Communist forces. But another reason was forthwith given for the extraordinary move — I guess he perceived from the very outset that even in our benumbed condition we could see through the flimsiness of the first pretext: the Communist rebellion, such as it was, was after all limited to only two or three of the sixty-five provinces and to Manila itself. So he had to trot out this other equally as incredible pretext: we Filipinos had to be re-formed into a New Society. He was, in effect, telling us that we could not as a people reach the high goals of necessary progress and development unless he, Marcos, had all the power in his hands to lead and direct us at every step of the way. So he took it — unasked. We were back, at the stroke of a pen, to our centuries-long status of wards — little children once again.

The immediate effects of martial law (aside from the deep wound inflicted on our collective psyche, that is) was, to summarize a long horror story, the loss or curtailment of practically every civil human right. It is strange, but you never advert to how essential such freedoms as those of movement, assembly, association, speech, etc. are to ordinary human interaction until you are told you cannot travel, meet with others, join unions, speak your mind out, among other things, without the express say-so of someone. In the concrete, this meant that all mass media were controlled, the writ of *habeas corpus* was inoperative, anyone *suspected* of "subversion" could be thrown into jail, homes could be searched without warrant, one's person was no longer inviolate. The net result was fear, pervasive fear.

The niggling yet pivotal difficulty was with the one word "subversion." It could mean anything from thinking unkind thoughts about the First Lady's extravagant tastes or butchering a pig without a government permit to attempting to replace Marcos as Head of State. No amount of demands put forth for clarification through the past twelve years could elicit from the government a clear, satisfactory definition. Last year the bishops could still refer to the regime's use of the term as one of a "conveniently amorphous definition."

It is not exactly as amorphous as they said. The one real reason for martial law was Marcos's overweening ambition for power. No one was deceived by all the talk about the Communist rebellion or the New Society. The trouble was that, in those early days (and years) of martial rule, as in the tale of the emperor's new clothes, nobody dared to speak the naked truth. Mr. Marcos's term as president was to terminate with the end of the year 1973, and he could not be re-elected according to our Constitution. But that same Constitution provided for an emergency measure like martial law. He used it as his legal device to extend his term — and in the extension, to rewrite that same Constitution in a gross attempt to shore up his legally tenuous hold on the nation's leadership. "Subversion," thus, is anything thought, said, or done which would diminish, or is suspected to diminish, Marcos's hold on the power of government.

THE BROADER and more pernicious effects of Marcos's usurping of power can be summarized under five headings:

Militarization. Marcos needs the military to rule by the gun. So he has coddled the military, making them over into the new oligarchy — the new and few rich of today. Something happens to the values of people when the possession of a gun becomes the ticket to influence and money. If corruption was rife in public life before martial law, it is much more so now under armed venality.

Insurgency. The Communist hard core in 1973, on the government's own admission, numbered only 2,000. Now it is estimated to be anywhere between 5,000 and 10,000. Minimal

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when compared to the fifty million of the total population. But in a situation where the insurgents are able to paint — and often prove — themselves to be defenders of the poor against an oppressive government, counter-violence can be turned into high virtue — and a most challenging one too.

The impossibility of justice. It is impossible to get justice from the courts of law for anyone accused of the crime of "subversion." Such a one is assumed guilty in the first place, and proving his innocence is sheer futility since the accuser and the judge are for all practical purposes the same moral person — the government. Courts of justice in pre-martial law days were admittedly quite corrupt. But still it was possible to get justice even from them if a defendant were persistent enough. That kind of persistence these days is liable to lead to final "out-of-court" verdicts like the Aquino murder.

The destruction of democratic processes. Philippine democracy, whatever its flaws, was a working proposition until Marcos came along with his New Society. The longer his interruption of the process of democratic government and the more space given a military elite to burgeon and get entrenched, the greater is the likelihood of the Philippines becoming another "banana republic," with coups and countercoups the ordinary mode of change in government.

The stranglehold of multinationals. "Banana republic" will by no means be a mere figure of speech in the case of the Philippines should constitutional democracy never be restored. For indeed, banana plantations are very much a part of the economy being promoted. That economy is based on a policy that favors multinationals and their interests over those of the ordinary citizenry. Labor is kept cheap, independent unions are proscribed, and terms of repatriation of profits are most generous. The sum total of this policy is that little or no "trickling down" of development profits takes place at all — it is practically all up and out.

With this kind of today, dreaming about tomorrow is apt to be nightmare. But let us have a look anyway.

THE FUTURE is grim. We do not need a prophet to tell us what is going to happen. Anybody can see that as long as Marcos hangs on to the power he has stolen and does not allow it to be legitimized democratically, the repressions will persist and the evils that flow from it will intensify. He could step down from office, of course, but the event is most unlikely in the light of his unshakable belief in his messianic "mission." He could also end up a victim of the ugly violence that has propped up his regime. But most likely he will die peacefully in office since even now he is a rather sick man.

And after him, what? I do not intend to indulge in wild, hence useless, speculations, but then our reality in the Philippines is so constricted that our options likewise are constricted. These four alternatives thus seem to be the only hard possibilities:

Firstly, there are a number of unpublished decrees — laws therefore under the present dispensation — that we suspect deal with the question of succession. If Marcos in his great wisdom has, by decree, appointed another strong man — or strong woman — to assume power after him, we are back to square one.*

Secondly, the military, with or without such a decree, could — unbidden — stage a coup. Again, such an eventuality will be no change at all. On the contrary, it will be a change for the worse. Most observers of the current scene believe this is the most likely possibility.

Thirdly, the Communists could push through with their much touted revolution. But there is grave doubt they can do so at this time. They can, however, continue as they have been doing, especially in the supposition that the military seize the reins of power: gain greater support among the masses for their concept and practice of armed struggle. All it means is that the spiral of violence keeps going.

And fourthly, there is always the possibility of returning to constitutional government through peaceful means. This is what Aquino had hoped to accomplish had he lived. It is what other political leaders of the moderate center profess to be trying to do now. Considering the political picture as a whole, one would have to conclude it is the most difficult option to bring about — yet not impossible.

At the risk of being overly simplistic — and prejudicial — I would reduce the four to only two: violence or nonviolence as the means of regaining our lost freedoms. I am afraid, as events unfold, all other choices are going to come down to just these two. The option for violence has been so far the more attractive of the two and exerts a strong magnetic pull even within the church. But the nonviolent option, I feel, is gaining ground, particularly since Aquino's murder. More and more our people are seeing it as the only possibility. Let me discuss, then, those on whom these options weigh heaviest: the church and the people. All current and would-be political forces in the country today, including the Communists, see only too well that their various revolutions and struggles for power cannot succeed without the support of these two largely uncatalyzed bodies.

CONTRARY TO WHAT is sometimes said, the church has not been "the only unified opposition" to the Marcos regime. That distinction belongs to others, notably, the NPA, the New People's Army of the Communist resistance, and the MNLF, the Moro National Liberation Front of the Muslim secessionist movement — two armed powers. But this does not mean the church was never a force to contend with. It was, from the very beginning, even when it was as a whole silent and deeply

*Since Bishop Claver presented his analysis, the Marcos regime sponsored a referendum on constitutional changes that reinstated the office of vice president as successor to the president. This amendment does not go into effect, however, until 1987. In the meantime, President Marcos would be succeeded by an executive committee that would govern until an election, which it would supervise. The opposition boycotted the referendum changing the constitution, and the turnout, due to the boycott or apathy or both, was low.

THE EDITORS

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divided on the issue of martial law itself. And Marcos was acutely aware, from the very beginning too, of the potential of the church as a help or a hindrance to his dictatorial rule.

The church in his mind was primarily the leaders of the institutional church, the bishops. His understanding does not coincide with the theological definition of the church — dictators never bother, I am afraid, about theological niceties — but I will follow his lead anyway and use the term here as he understands it, at least for a starter. In any case, the bishops did in fact reflect the same kind of doubts and certainties, divisions and unities that were found in the church at large, so that much of what we say about the bishops applies to the rank-and-file too.

The very first critical protest against the imposition of martial law came from a group of seventeen bishops supported by seventeen religious superiors. In a letter they wrote to the president a week after the declaration of martial law, they expressed their misgivings in three requests they made of him: (1) the restoration of the freedom of the media; (2) the trial of political prisoners by civil courts and not by military tribunals; and (3) the curtailment of "the emergency" to a few months, not years. Twelve years under the Marcos regime have given more than sufficient proof that those bishops had scored a bull's-eye with their three requests. These zeroed in on what would subsequently prove to be the sorest issues under martial law, namely, the violation of human rights, the lack of due process under militarization, and the undue prolongation of Marcos's incumbency. Needless to say, Marcos was not at all pleased with the letter.

He called a meeting with some of the signers of the letter, the first of several that led to the formation of the CMLC or Church-Military Liaison Committee. The Committee was originally made up of Defense Ministry officials and generals on the military side, of Catholic bishops on the church side, but it was subsequently expanded to include leaders of other religions. Its main task was to look into points of disagreement between the government and the church. A good portion of the disagreements was about complaints of the general populace with the conduct of martial law. Advocacy thus became the church's role in the CMLC as long as complaints had to do with areas within the competence of the military. It did not take long for the church group to realize the window-dressing nature of the CMLC. It was perfectly powerless to do anything about the larger and deeper issues that underlay the most simple of complaints and, worse, it was being used to give the semblance of church-government unity.

Actions of the government directly against the church were among many of the unresolved and unresolvable problems the CMLC tried to meet. Raids of religious houses, arrests of church personnel, closures of mass media operations run by the church, deportation of foreign missionaries, harassment and surveillance of church workers — these were constantly happening. (It is most indicative of Marcos's outlook on the church that not once did he put a bishop under arrest although there were a few prime candidates for his stockades — the most he did was to occasionally deny them permits to travel abroad.) The sticking point between the church and the government has always been the church's social apostolate, its works for justice and human rights, its projects of development and empowerment of the poor. No amount of arguing could convince the military that these were not subversive activities.

The Conference of Bishops as a body was initially silent on the new political order and the wrongs it spawned, its member bishops sharply divided on the issues and on the manner of approach to them. But in time pronouncements were made in pastoral letters as the true nature of martial law became more evident, as more crimes were committed by the military. The bishops' strongest pastoral letter was issued in February last year when they sternly warned against the government's iniquitous development policies and its harsh treatment of dissenters.

To call government acts against the church through all the years of martial law "persecution" is not at all far-fetched then. The pattern was clear from the very start. Those parts of the church that were silent on the oppression of government were left in peace; not those that spoke up against its excesses or encouraged the people to act to regain lost freedoms. The action of the church with the people can bear a closer look. For in the final analysis, it is the people who are subverted or who subvert. Hence the wariness of the regime with anybody who works with and for them in any substantive way.

THE ACTION of the church with the people I speak of centers on the effort to build BCCs or Basic Christian Communities. The history of this effort is easily told. In the late sixties, the church rose to the challenge of a social action congress in 1967 to "go to the barrios," the rural sector of Philippine society. The barrios constitute the most depressed areas of an already depressed country, the most neglected too as far as the church's ministrations were concerned. In those dioceses where the challenge was seriously considered, church social action programs, targeted at greater economic development and more political freedom for farming folk, began to have great impact. With the advent of martial law, however, many of these programs, those aimed at organizing farm labor especially, came to an abrupt stop.

We started to cast about for other ways of uniting our people, the poor rural folk in particular, for action on their own behalf against the many social ills that had plagued their lives long before martial law and gotten worse with it. We never were able to come up with an organization that would take the place of unions and associations emasculated by martial law, but ironically in the very process of searching, we began to develop much faster something we had been aiming for since the early seventies — a more participative church. It took some time for the realization to sink in that we had the answer all along in that kind of church. And this new form of church was epitomized by the BCCs.

What is the BCC? For the purpose of discussion, I would define it in these terms: It is the community of Christians who meet together at set times for worship (on Sundays usually) under the guidance of a trained lay leader and who consciously

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and deliberately try to respond to the problems of daily living precisely as a community of faith and from the perspectives of faith. Even more trenchantly, it is the community of believers who work at making faith and life into an integral whole.

From that definition, a few salient points should be made: First, "the problems of daily living" the community prays and reflects over can be of any kind — political, economic, social, spiritual — problems that in one way or another have to do with the life of faith of the community. Second, communal discernment is thus of crucial importance and the BCC is the medium which makes it possible for Christians to gather together and engage in it, in the very process refining and deepening a critical faith-sense. Third, the discernment leads to common decisions for action — and decisions for which the whole community takes responsibilitiy for implementing. Fourth, both discernment and action are done from the point of view of faith, not of political ideology alone, hence the stress on "the perspectives of faith." The church that evolves from the process is truly a church of the people. For the principle of participation — which we believe is at the heart and core of a genuine Vatican II church — leads to such a creation.

What happens when ordinary men and women, the rank-and-file of church membership, begin to take their faith seriously and apply it to the problems that make up their life under a repressive government? What happens when they do so not simply as individuals but as community? They suffer persecution. Inevitably. For when the faith is lived in all its social implications, it cannot but be subversive of any unjust political order, and its confessors, likewise, cannot but be vulnerable to the punishing hand of threatened power holders.

From all this we have learned that the essential task of the church therefore — however we define the church — is to foster the faith of people, to work to strengthen it, to help it to grow and to permeate all areas and aspects of life, transforming individuals and societies. It sounds like a harmless "statement of objectives" coming from some pious association. It probably does — under conditions of ordered peace and general contentedness. Not under conditions of violence and poverty, of struggle and unrest. And the task as we define it, we see only too clearly, is a pressing imperative under military rule. It will be such too under a Communist state — if we are ever forced into one. Or under a constitutional democracy — if we succeed in restoring it.

The picture I have presented of the Philippines, its present and its future, though bleak and joyless, is thus not entirely without redeeming hope nor promise. Let me end with this little vignette drawn from actual life in backwoods Bukidnon, and let it serve to sum up, in some way, all I have said. I will call it "The Story of the Young Man and the Old Man."

Our story took place in late March of 1982. Two of our church workers, while going about their duties, were taken in by the military and spirited away to some unknown camp of detention. One was a young man, a college-educated community organizer. The other, an older man, a farmer with at most an elementary school education who was engaged in parish family-life apostolate in his village.

Both were held incommunicado for more than a week and were finally released — but only after various church groups made waves, pressuring strongly the local military commandant into investigating their disappearance. Both men, it turned out, had been tortured while in prison. Their interrogators wanted them to admit to being Communists and to implicate other church people in their "crime" — whatever it was. Needless to say, they were not Communists.

The younger man came close to the breaking point and one night he decided he could not take any more: he would "confess" the next day and say whatever his torturers wanted him to say about himself; he would name names, too — but fictitious ones — and append his signature to his "confession." He spoke with the older man and tried to persuade him to do as he had himself resolved to do, simply to put an end to their unbearable ordeal.

The old man quietly demurred: "I can't," he said, "because I can't admit to a brazen lie — even to a lie that hurts no one."

There are any number of points that could be made by way of comment on this little story. I make only two.

The first is that both men were right in the different decisions they took. The fact highlights the possibility of a plurality of faith-options that can be made in any given human situation. The acceptance of this possibility is of paramount significance in the working of a participatory church that we say the BCC is. And I state it explicitly because it says much for the kind of unity as well as diversity that a faith community must have.

The second point is probably even more basic. The two men drew deeply from their faith to sustain them in their ordeal and to respond to it. The fact says very much to us in the Philippine context. For too long the Christian faith of our people has been glibly characterized as "nominal" for the sole reason that regular church-going is not a general practice among the majority of them. Now we are discovering that the faith is not merely nominal after all. Faith-values have been internalized to a much greater depth by our people than we were wont to credit them with in the past.

It is those faith-values that constitute, when all is said and done, the strength of our people. And it is that strength that gives us hope for the future. For in the faith, with the faith, they can overcome, and overcoming keep intact their integrity as a people: free even in enslavement.

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Screen

UNCERTAIN VERDICT

'SILKWOOD'

SILKWOOD has fine performances hampered by an uneven screenplay. One key to both is Cher, Meryl Streep's supporting actress in the film, who almost steals the movie from her as Silkwood's housemate and fellow worker at a nuclear fuel rod assembly plant. Cher plays Dolly, an earthy, humorous, sometimes bitter-edged lesbian who shares with Silkwood a tender, confused camaraderie, periodically making gentle passes which Streep as gingerly parries. Cher's role seems a natural, a new twist on the old cliché of a naughty girl who has (besides plutonium lungs) a heart of gold.

Or does she? Cher's performance isn't the problem, but what could she do — what was she supposed to do — with scenes which hint she informed their employer that Karen Silkwood was about to report safety violations to the *New York Times*? Given the richness of their friendship, it would be nice to know if there was a betrayal. But we can't tell. We get no follow-ups to these hints, only Cher's somber face reflected in windows before and after the "accident" which killed her friend. These may be clues — or may not be. Cher's look may be guilt — or grief. The script, in short, hides truth behind windows; we see through a glass blankly.

As a result, *Silkwood* is both moving and confusing. It is a powerful document about a broken life and a vivid sociological portrait of lower-middle-class American workers. But the film never delivers the punch it periodically promises. It just raises too many questions it either can't or won't answer about its heroine's activities or her enemies.

Who was Karen Silkwood? *Silkwood* attempts to exploit the legend that has grown around her name, but something — love of fairness, perhaps, or fear of lawsuits — has led its makers to pussyfoot on all the key issues. Was she murdered in the so-called "accident"? *Silkwood* hints as much, with looming headlights in her rearview mirror, but we get no image of the final impact, if there was any. Did Silkwood have documents proving that the Kerr-McGee plant where she worked was manufacturing dangerously unsafe equipment for nuclear reactors? Streep hints as much in a phone call before the "accident," but we never see them, and a postscript coda notes the Highway Patrol found nothing — that is, *if* we can believe *them*. Director Mike Nichols and screenwriters Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen seem content to suggest that their heroine was our first environmental martyr. *Maybe*. But the film questions her accuracy and motivation in her safety crusade, and the coda includes the autopsy report that she was taking heavy drugs — *if*, that is, *that* is believable. *Silkwood* is thus faithful to any point of view and to none; it's a quasi-documentary that winks so often a viewer doesn't know what to believe.

Nevertheless, Karen Silkwood is likable, and genuinely well portrayed by Meryl Streep, who here at least lives up to her reputation. She fumbles at first, wagging her hips flirtatiously all too much like a Yale Drama Student imitating Okie sass. But somewhere in the middle of the film Streep drawls out "for-mal-de-hyde" with genuine, down-home intonation, and seems finally to become Karen Silkwood. From that point, together with Cher, Streep's acting unifies the film and smooths over its rough spots.

One bright spot is the portrayal of Silkwood's co-workers who become frightened that her self-appointed safety mission will force the plant's shutdown. To the film's credit, their economic anxiety is not dismissed frivolously; indeed, the lawyer and other D.C. types exploiting their unrest come across as amoral. Even the Kerr-McGee plant boss, played by Bruce McGill, is not treated as a villain — that is, insofar as the film makes any definitive statements. Indeed, *Silkwood*'s most convincing political note is not judgment of the nuclear safety issue (it evades one), but judgment of a class structure that makes industrial workers pay by their sweat for new power sources, safe or not. The film is a-clutter with reminders of just who these people are and how they live. Frequent car shots, at first irritating, ultimately seem appropriate for a lifestyle of perpetual motion through industrial sunsets from one McDonald's to another, then into plant parking lots where the clank of a steel gate confirms these workers' economic imprisonment. The movie's silence in these matters works well; the just-the-facts-approach makes for an indictment not of one industry but a whole system.

Silkwood's pace is odd. In the middle, it was terrifying, particularly when Streep snoops around the plant for proof of safety violations — a new version of the gothic image of the damsel who puts herself in distress by overcuriously casing a joint. But after a huge buildup of tension (especially in scenes where Streep and a friend are scrubbed down in severe, hot showers for possible contamination), the end was strangely deflating. Streep drives off to the *Times* meeting in silence, accompanied only by the bars of *Amazing Grace*. Although redemption is no matter for earthly judgment, this seemed too easy, too saccharine an insinuation. During one bar of the hymn, headlights loom behind her, the film cuts away, and that's that. So Karen Silkwood, who *may* have been "saved," may have been murdered. And so the movie ends, not with a bang but enigma.

Was she "saved"? "There's a moral imperative here," the D.C. lawyer tells her about safety violations — immediately before bedding her. "There's a moral imperative here," she mimics when back home. Has she learned about morality, we wonder, or just mastered its rhetoric? To be sure, Karen Silkwood is seen as having a genuine concern for nuclear safety and a deep love of her friends. But the movie implies her life was directed by other passions — almost by a passion to find a passion to unify its broken parts.

Was Silkwood murdered? The courts still can't decide what happened. The film is thus historically cautious, or, if you will, legally safe. But the net result is that it's aesthetically

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frustrating. Maybe there was no other choice; but then *maybe* is the main word for this film. TOM O'BRIEN

(Tom O'Brien, one of the guest critics currently reviewing movies for Commonweal, *teaches at the Manhattan School of Music.)*

Recordings

ALL THAT JAZZ

SEVEN STEPS TO A LEGACY

IF THERE WERE no other reason to continue to invest in LPs, the fact that they preserve a small part of our jazz legacy would be reason enough. The part that they do preserve is vast. Record companies, through the efforts of a few dedicated and extremely patient individuals, have for more than a decade been quietly bringing into print, in humble LP form, thousands of invaluable jazz recordings long absent from American catalogs. (I say quietly because virtually none of these releases is given even minimal promotion.) Not since the reissue programs of the early 1940s, when "hot" records unavailable for years found their way into the hands of a new generation of jazz fans, have the masterworks of early jazz been so numerous and so readily accessible. And never have reissues been compiled and annotated with such completeness and care.

Twenty years ago, for instance, a fan wishing to collect the recordings of Benny Goodman's first orchestra would have found little available on LP. What existed would in some cases have been electronically "enhanced" for stereo by means of a technique that suggested an orchestra in a fishbowl. The liner notes would have proclaimed that they sure don't make music like this anymore, and as for information about the recordings themselves, well, just give a listen, old timer!

Today, virtually every record Goodman made for RCA between 1935 and 1939 is available on the company's Bluebird label, packaged in eight two-record sets. The original monophonic sound has been retained. The master recordings, interspersed with a few alternate takes, are presented in chronological order; the final volume serves up a good helping of unissued sides. Each set's discography meticulously identifies which musicians were playing which instruments on which date. The documentation is accompanied by notes that bring together capsule biographies, informal interviews, and background material.

This is merely an example. Walk into any reasonably large record store these days and you will find the jazz bins stuffed with inexpensive, superbly produced reissues covering approximately half a century. It is an excellent time to begin building a jazz collection, not the poorest reason for which is that few of the recordings I'm referring to will ever be issued on Compact Disc — at least not while the promise of superfidelity is the primary marketing strategy. No one is going to sink his savings into a noiseless playback system for the privilege of listening to transfers of old 78s.

Yet the quality and scope of current reissues on LP should leave no jazz fan complaining. The price of most domestic reissues, moreover, is about half that of newly recorded LPs. The best values are to be found in double albums, which normally range between $8 and $11.

Where to begin? If you own no jazz record made before 1950, if you own no jazz record at all, if indeed you have always regarded jazz as an uncongenial or tuneless music, you may wish to sample the records described below. I offer no "program," no "library" of jazz as advertised by various book clubs and subscription services. You can buy good reissues that way, but it's more fun — and cheaper — to acquire them piecemeal. I've selected seven reissues, all from roughly the same period, that reflect the exuberance and variety characteristic of jazz as a whole. Here they are.

Louis Armstrong Favorites (The Louis Armstrong Story, Volume 4) (Columbia CL-854; one record). The first three volumes in this series (CL-851, 852, 853) team Armstrong with several important musicians, notably Earl Hines; here he usually fronts an undistinguished orchestra. But by 1929, when the first of these sides was recorded, something had happened that would transform jazz: Armstrong's singing caught up with his playing. The two takes of "Stardust" presented here are masterpieces of spontaneous lyricism.

A Jazz Holiday (MCA 2-4018; two records). This is a collection of sides made between 1928 and 1934 by groups whose personnel shifted somewhat less noticeably than the names under which they recorded: Benny Goodman & His Boys, Adrian Rollini & His Orchestra, Joe Venuti-Eddie Lang All-Star Orchestra, Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. The cornetist Bix Beiderbecke is present in spirit, but the sessions really belong to Benny Goodman and Jack Teagarden. Goodman's playing, less honeyed than it would become in his trio and quartet recordings a few years later, is alive with inventiveness on tunes like "Someday Sweetheart" and "After You've Gone." Teagarden takes the vocal on the latter and on several other tunes, singing with the same feeling for the blues that permeates his trombone playing, which can be heard to advantage on over half the cuts on the album.

Fats Waller Piano Solos, 1929-1941 (Bluebird AXM2-5518; two records). On other Bluebird sets Waller's Harlem Stride piano is abetted variously by trumpet, clarinet, sax, and other instruments, and by the inimitable Waller vocals. On the sides collected here it is an orchestra in itself. Gems include "Handful of Keys," "E Flat Blues," and "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now."

The Billie Holiday Story, Volume 1 (Columbia PG-32121; two records). Here is a peerless singer's finest work, as well as some of the best small-group jazz of the late 1930s. Featured are Teddy Wilson, Lester Young, Count Basie, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Hodges, Buck Clayton, Buster Bailey, and many others. Indispensable — as are Volumes 2 and 3 of the series (PG-32124 and PG-32127). (A final word about cost is pertinent here: Volume 1 of *The Billie Holiday Story* is a moder-

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ately expensive reissue as reissues go, yet you will pay less for its thirty-two selections than you would have paid for the original 78s over forty years ago. Take that, Compact Disc!)

From Spirituals to Swing (Vanguard VSD-47/48; two records). When these Carnegie Hall concerts were recorded, in 1938 and 1939, most of the great jazz and blues artists on the program were still unknown to the general public. Yet they had been performing for years and already had behind them an astonishing body of recorded work. Highlights on this set include Lester Young on clarinet behind Helen Humes's silken vocal, two piano solos by James P. Johnson, the collaboration of boogie-woogie pianists Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, and Pete Johnson, blues vocals by Big Bill Broonzy, Ida Cox, and Joe Turner, and the stunning virtuosity of trumpeter Hot Lips Page and guitarist Charlie Christian.

Robert Johnson: King of the Delta Blues Singers (Columbia CL-1654; one record). Johnson's raw, powerful voice carves its way through a lyric while his guitar, like one of the demons he sang about, howls, spits, and goads him unmercifully. All sides were recorded in 1936 and 1937. (Johnson was sought for the first Spirituals to Swing concert but was murdered before its promoters could locate him.) The second volume (PC-30034) is worth having, though it lacks the comprehensive documentation that accompanies this collection.

Art Tatum: Masterpieces (MCA 2-4019; two records). Tatum was a capable composer but, like many jazz pianists, was content to record mostly standards. Yet under his swift fingers a popular tune is often tickled into revealing more character than you had thought it possessed. As demonstrated by these recordings from the early 1940s, Tatum does not depart from a melody so much as investigate it — sniff out the alleys, skip over the rooftops, throw open the windows, rummage through the closets. He is also a wonderful accompanist, as shown in his elegant backing of singer Joe Turner on six blues sides included here.

That's it. Seven albums, seven steps to — but enough rhapsodizing. You'll sing any further praises yourself. In time with the music, I hope. MARK PRUETT

(Mark Pruett is a free-lance writer living in Eugene, Oregon. Articles by him have appeared in the Seattle Times *and other publications)*

PLURALISM, CERTAINTY, THE WORLD & FUNDAMENTALISM

Are charismatics off course?

JUAN-LORENZO HINOJOSA

THE CATHOLIC charismatic movement: source of perplexity, joy, consternation, and zeal. Since its inception some twenty years ago, it stands apart in the depth of its impact on the church community. Of all the major movements it has spread by far the fastest and to the most Catholics worldwide. It has also precipitated the exit from the Catholic church of large numbers of people, including some deacons and priests, this often in order to join (or start their own) either evangelical or pentecostal churches. It has been a source of spiritual awakening for countless people — some of whom remain active in the movement — others who do not.

This is all history. Here, I want to reflect on the movement today, and to take stock, for many of the questions facing the church are configured within the ranks of the Catholic charismatics.

JUAN-LORENZO HINOJOSA *teaches at the Oblate School of Theology in Texas and is the director of the Lay Ministry Institute there.*

There is probably no better point of entry into the question than the recent book by Ralph Martin titled *The Crisis of Truth* (Servant Publications, $10.95, 250 pp.). In this book, Martin raises the right questions but, unfortunately, falls quite short of the mark with his answers. Basically, Martin sees the church in the grips of a tremendous crisis of truth: Where has our certainty gone? What has happened to our missionary thrust? God's word is being undermined and silenced. We (bishops, priests, theologians, and religious educators) are purveying, Martin tells us, a limpid, watery, weak soup of the Gospel which cannot but leave people malnourished and hardly prepared to live as witnesses in the world today. On any number of fronts the church has capitulated to modernity. This is Martin's fundamental thesis.

Although many of my liberal friends might disagree, I believe his thesis is fundamentally correct. We are in a battle for naming reality, and to an alarmingly great extent, transcendence has collapsed into a rampant immanentism. Those theologians who signed the Hartford appeal said no differently. In Peter Berger's apt metaphor, a world with a place for transcendence is a world with windows. The contemporary *zeitgeist* is one without windows. It is also one in which much of the church has taken up residence. As Avery Dulles can say in his important article "Unmasking Secret Infidelities," "Many of the unspoken assumptions of our culture are out of harmony with Christian faith. Thus we imbibe from our environment a kind of latent or implicit heresy." In other words, we find ourselves prisoners of modernity.

Yes, I believe Martin raises some of the right questions. It is the answers that he gives which are inadequate, because his analysis of the problem is faulty. For Martin, the reason for the crisis of truth is straightforward. People have misunderstood and purposefully misinterpreted the Second Vatican Council. I cannot deal with all of the issues Martin raises,

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but I will briefly deal with four: pluralism, certainty, the use of the "signs of the times" as a category for theologizing, and fundamentalism.

MANY OF THE PROBLEMS Martin sees in the church are real and critical, but he overgeneralizes. A good example of this is how he handles the question of pluralism in the church. What he fails to grasp is that there is a valid plurality of Christologies and ecclesiologies in the church. The new pluralism is not a radical departure, but rather the recovery of an earlier situation in the church which bespoke a great vitality. Of course, in a fluid but vital situation, there will be elements of the church which use this situation for their own ends. But this does not negate the value of a situation of valid pluralism in the church, for it is out of such a fluid and rich environment that the theology and lived faith for the coming age will be born. Unfortunately, Martin's own Christological and ecclesiological positions exclude a true pluralism.

There are several basic positions with regard to Christ and church which are taken when we, as Christians, encounter modernity. Each position is exclusive of the others. For our purposes, I will only highlight two.

The first position coincides with Martin's horizon. Jesus Christ is seen as the exclusive mediator of God's salvific activity. The extent of God's saving grace and love is limited to Christians, and therefore, it is necessary to bring all into the church. The attitude of the Christian toward the non-Christian world is basically negative and the Christian sees other religions as basically false. The non-Christian world is a place of sin and error. In *Why the Church?* (edited by Walter Burghardt and William Thompson, Paulist Press), J. Peter Schineller has described this outlook in an essay on which my own analysis draws. As Schineller writes, in this position, ". . . Scripture and Christian dogma are the final and absolute criteria of truth, unassailable by non-Christian viewpoints or even by contemporary experience. The Scriptures, which are often read in an inadequate proof-text manner, are normative over contemporary experience." In addition, in this position, "theology proceeds from above, from religious documents which are norms above space and time. It is highly dogmatic and universalistic in its attitude, with little or no attempt at a correlation of Christian sources and contemporary questions and experiences."The above view is characteristic of Martin's book and quite prevalent in major sectors of the Catholic charismatic movement. The mainstream of Roman Catholic theology does not share Martin's viewpoint.

And what is this mainstream to which much of the movement has become marginal? Again, Schineller's article is helpful. The mainstream accepts the position that God's saving grace and love is not limited simply to those identified with the church. Rather, God's grace and love are present to all people through Christ, or at least grace and love are offered to all people, but manifest most fully and clearly in Christ. The attitude toward the world is much more open and receptive, as exemplified in the Second Vatican Council Documents. Other religions rather than seen as absolutely false, are viewed as either relatively false, pre-Christian, or relatively true. Even these brief observations should suffice to highlight the marginality of the Christological and ecclesiological position taken by Martin and many in the Catholic charismatic movement. Their position militates against any true plurality.

A further issue that Martin's book raises is that of certainty. He tells us that there are many in the church who exhibit and promote "a relativistic and skeptical attitude to truth." This often does take the shape of God's Word being treated in such a way that its ". . . reliability is questioned, its authority denied, its clarity obscured." I agree with Martin that this is a danger to the church and something of real pastoral concern. On the other hand, there is a type of certainty which is deadly to true faith. There is a type of certainty that arises out of fear. If one's conversion leads to a rigid and closed dogmatism, I suspect one has succumbed to one of the major temptations of religion — a lust for certainty. Ultimately, this subverts the very heart of religion. This heart is a radical openness to God and to a life of risk. It is a far cry from the "we have it all" stance I sense in Martin.

The issue of how Martin understands the "signs of the times" most starkly highlights the flaw underlying his analysis. It is this phrase that captures most clearly the new understanding of the church's relationship with the world which emerges out of the Second Vatican Council. His position is clearly stated in the following: "One of the most notable sources of confusion in the life and mission of the church in recent years has been an unclear, sometimes confused, and often naive attitude toward the world. This stems from an erroneous reaction to the fundamental pastoral thrust of the Second Vatican Council — the important and worthwhile attempt to overcome an excessively negative attitude towards the world, in order to regain a hearing for the church in an increasingly secularized society."

Again, there is truth in what Martin says, but it is what he fails to grasp that vitiates his vision. The contemporary church's newfound relationship to the world is more than an "attempt to overcome an excessively negative attitude. . . in order for the church to gain a hearing." It is something much more fundamental. It is the realization that God is active in the world, and in fact, that God's own Word is present for us as individuals and as a church in the contemporary world — be it in the social sciences or in movements of liberation. The church "tries to discern in the events, the needs, and the longings which it shares with other men of our time what may be genuine signs of the presence of the purpose of God" (*Gaudium et Spes*). Likewise, Father Jean Daniélou could say at the time of the council, "God speaks through time. This is why the church must listen to what the contemporary world says to it (allowing the world to question the church). God speaks at the same time through time and through the church; it is a dialogue of God with God."

In as much as there is a capitulation of the church to the world, then there is no dialogue. But in as much as the church closes itself off from the world as a

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source of God's word, as I am afraid Martin would have it, to that extent will the dialogue of God with God collapse in the other direction. For the sake of our life and of our authenticity, that dialogue must continue. And it must be true dialogue — one in which we, as church, are willing to change fundamentally. Do we have the courage to be challenged so profoundly? This is what faces the charismatic movement. But this is merely a reflection of the challenge which faces the whole church. We must be so transformed and formed in Christ that there is no capitulation to modernity. On the other hand, we must be secure enough in ourselves to be challenged by God's Word in the world.

FINALLY, despite disclaimers by Martin, the charismatic movement is infested with fundamentalism. Fundamentalism is precisely a denial of contemporary consciousness by an escape into a naive realism. Yes, much of the church has collapsed God's Word in Scripture into the human word through which it comes. But Martin finally collapses the human word into God's Word. He does not take seriously the fact that Scripture is *both* a human and a divine word.

Martin's absolutism is truly frightening, especially because there is a very wide diffusion of his teaching via print, audio-cassette, and videotape. He urges people to pull back support, financial and otherwise, from those Catholic institutions and people who, for him, have left the "true" path. He is creating division in the name of the Lord.

The history of spirituality is replete with movements and people which felt the church needed reform. Some were successful in facilitating this reform and some were not. Take Montanism, for example. This was a movement which began in the second century A.D. and flourished for some time afterward. It was an enthusiastic movement which emphasized the charisms and had an apocalyptic bent. It began making the distinction, found today among some charismatics and in fact made by Martin in his book, between those "natural" or "carnal" Christians and those in the church who are the "spirituals." The Montanists were the *"pneumatici,"* or spirit-filled and the rest of the church were the *"psychici"* or carnal ones. There are too many echoes of the mentality which finally led Montanism astray in segments of the Catholic charismatic movement for it to escape notice. There was nothing doctrinal which finally relegated the Montanist movement to an entry in the church's catalog of heresies. Rather, there was something quite intangible about the movement which left a disquiet. Perhaps it was the Montanists' reliance on personal access to revelation untempered by humility. There was little sense among them of the possibility of being in error. It is an overbearing and inflated ego which assigns to itself the "fullness" of the Spirit and a concession of slight spirituality to the rest of the church. Montanism failed in its efforts to reform and revitalize the church. Will the charismatic movement do likewise?

Paul Petrie

The Lost Child

She was not no one.

She had a given name,
a drawer of knitted things,
matched suits and sweaters,
a crib under the window
where the sun could look.

"Others will come," they said,
"to take her place."
(And they did.)
"Lucky," they said, "it happened now
before . . ."
(And it was true.)

Nine swelling moons,
like a small Greek goddess,
she ruled my moods,
talking in a morse code
of thumps and kicks.

But born still-born she was bustled
faceless away
to save a mother's
grief.

Foolish to mourn for someone
who was so nearly no one,
and after five long years grieve
still
though less and less.

Possibility
is not fact.
What never came to be
never was.

(Though half of the world's mourning
is for what never
was.)

Still, it was an error
not to take that tiny shriveled body
in my arms,
not to touch that thin, clenched face.

A grief without a shape
is imageless.

Like a hidden fish it swims
under the sea, surfacing
at will,
or like a dark moon peers
through the window of any season
or any mood.

A grief without a shape
is endless.
It has no grave.

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Books: MYTH & BETRAYAL ALL AROUND

THE ROSENBERG FILE
A SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH
Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $22.50, 608 pp.

Francis J. Flaherty

THIRTY YEARS after the executions, the Rosenberg case still roils the American psyche. This perennial fascination is not strange. No novelist could concoct a tale with greater emotional pull or political pregnancy: Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, an earnest young couple who doted on their two small sons, are electrocuted for spiriting the secret of the atomic bomb to the Russians. Both husband and wife are Jewish and Communist; they are convicted and killed at the height of the Cold War. The chief prosecution witness: David Greenglass, Ethel's brother.

This is the stuff of myth. There are tantalizing hints of the Rosenbergs' family squabbles, of failed family businesses, of FBI-orchestrated frame-ups, of amoral minions of a foreign power skulking through sunny American streets, of passwords and converted console tables and other romantic accoutrements of espionage, of two orphans with names forever blackened. It touched the nerves of the world. In France, it was *le cas Rosenberg*.

And because it makes so fine a myth, many people — but not all — have understandably and often unconsciously treated it so, playing like novelists with the facts, bending the details to fit a larger, ideologically determined theme. For many on the left, the Rosenbergs were the noble victims of a government conspiracy to drum up support for the Cold War. For many conservatives, the Rosenbergs were the stealthy servants of Stalin, ATOM SPIES as the *New York Daily News* labeled them, who scampered off with America's most precious secret.

But whatever the allegorical needs of the participants in the Rosenberg debate, the case is fact, not fiction. And so the public discourse has centered on the more seemly, factual question of the couple's guilt or innocence. Was the Rosenbergs' console table a gift from the Russians used to microfilm secret documents? Or was it an innocent purchase from Macy's? Did co-defendant Morton Sobell journey to Mexico on a vacation? Or was he fleeing arrest as a member of the Rosenberg spy ring? To answer these questions, and there are literally thousands of them, requires reams of direct and circumstantial evidence. The debate is thus a dazzlingly detailed one of dates and places and sales receipts and ticket stubs.

The authors of *The Rosenberg File* have marshaled this morass of facts and have generally concluded that the Rosenbergs were guilty. After combing through 250,000 pages of recently released government documents and interviewing scores of principal and peripheral actors in the debate, historian Ronald Radosh and writer Joyce Milton say that Julius Rosenberg was indeed a Soviet spy and that he successfully recruited his brother-in-law David Greenglass to secure for him top secret atomic data from the laboratory at Los Alamos, where Greenglass was stationed as an Army machinist.

Radosh and Milton also reach some exculpatory conclusions, however. The double death sentence, they say, was a cruel and unprecedented penalty for peacetime espionage. And Ethel Rosenberg, they claim, was not the spymaster the government charged. She was at most aware of and slightly helpful with her husband's activities, and the government's portrayal of her as a ringleader was part of a cynical "lever strategy" to pressure Julius, who loved her very much, to confess and to name names. And while David Greenglass did not steal *the* atomic secret, his admittedly crude sketches of the atomic lens mold did give the Russians valuable corroboration of the more sophisticated data convicted British scientist/spy Klaus Fuchs had given them.

These secondary conclusions have not placated believers in the Rosenbergs' innocence. Among their charges: Radosh and Milton are too credulous of the heavily censored, possibly fabricated FBI documents upon which they rely; the 30,000 pages of government documents not released for national-security reasons may tell a story different from that of Radosh and Milton; and several persons interviewed by Radosh and Milton claim that they were misquoted or misunderstood.

Although these claims carry some weight, and although the complexity of the case should prompt everyone to caution, I think a fair-minded reader would side with the authors of *The Rosenberg File*. Many may question whether Radosh and Milton would have carried their case under the strict reasonable-doubt standard of the criminal law — the standard the jury putatively applied to the Rosenbergs. But by any lesser burden of proof, the authors' meticulous explanations and close attention to detail are conclusive against the highly conjectural, government-conspiracy theories of the main champions of the Rosenbergs' innocence, Walter and Miriam Schneir, authors of *Invitation to an Inquest*.

For example: Harry Gold testified at the Rosenberg trial that he was the courier who traveled to Albuquerque in June 1945 to pick up some atomic data from David Greenglass. The Schneirs suggest he lied, prompted by the FBI. As proof, they cite an Albuquerque Hilton Hotel registration card which is dated "June 4" on the back, even though Gold said he stayed there June 3. With no other hard evidence but for proof that the FBI unsurprisingly searched the hotel during the Rosenberg investigation, the Schneirs present this discrepancy in dates as proof of an FBI fabrication. In response, Radosh and Milton offer the statement of the hotel manager, one

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Fletcher Brumit, who told the FBI that *all* the hotel cards for June 3 were dated "June 4," probably through a misetting of the stamping machine. In the court of history, where all burdens of proof are equal, the Radosh and Milton solution, more plausible, wins in this and in most other instances.

And so, Radosh and Milton seem to have answered the question of the Rosenbergs' guilt as definitively as it ever will be. It would be nice if the daunting factual complexity of the case, together with the human propensity to weave ideologically compatible myths, were the only reasons the matter remained so long unresolved. After all, there is little we can do about the facts, and we can certainly forgive, if not condone, the reflexive making of myths which affirm our politics.

But there was a more nefarious reason for the longevity of the case. In example after distressing example, Radosh and Milton suggest that people all across the political spectrum purposely and cynically exploited the Rosenberg case for political or personal ends. The U.S. Communist party, they say, connived to use the Rosenberg case to deflect "international attention from the anti-Semitic Slansky purge trial in Czechoslovakia." The FBI, they say, allowed Ethel to die knowing she was only peripheral to Julius's spying. The Atomic Energy Commission saw in the case a chance to strengthen its control of atomic policy, and the ACLU "displayed an unseemly eagerness to use the case to curry favor with the government 'and dissociate themselves from any taint of Red."

With varying degrees of persuasiveness, Radosh and Milton make similar charges against a host of other groups and individuals. This is the saddest subtheme of the book: that so many people may have used the Rosenbergs as a means to an end. It is undoubtedly more profitable to ponder that sad record than to bring into its fourth decade the dreary, narrow debate over the long-dead couple's technical guilt.

Magnanimous message

WINTER'S TALE

Mark Helprin

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95, 688 pp.

Thomas DePietro

HONESTY, courage, sacrifice, patience: we rarely find these ideals celebrated in serious contemporary fiction. Rather than chance a vision of a better world, our most lauded writers, from Anne Beattie to Raymond Carver, artlessly chronicle the anxious lives of so many forgettable, self-absorbed nebbishes and nihilists. Little has changed, in other words, since John Gardner lashed out against his own generation of irresponsible doodlers in *On Moral Fiction* (1978). Although it suffered from a generous dose of blather and bluster, Gardner's polemic argued for an essentially sound idea: that art should serve morality, not in a self-righteously didactic sense, of course, but in the way art can inspire humanity to venerate beauty, truth, and goodness. Gardner's shamelessly Platonic dicta may have struck us as naive, but our studied cynicism conveniently ignores the history of Western art—a history in which the desire to instruct and delight far exceeds the compulsion to shock and numb.

Gardner sighted few truth-seekers on the literary horizon; but a young Mark Helprin earned his discerning praise on the basis of his slim volume of tales—vignettes really—*A Dove of the East and Other Stories* (1975). Helprin's second book, *Refiner's Fire* (1977), an ambitious, multi-layered narrative (which unfortunately collapses under its shifting textures) no doubt further impressed Gardner as a bold testament to heroic action in pursuit of noble values. And these same values, whether a respect for the Godhead in nature or a belief in the visionary authority of the innocent, generate the finest pieces in the uneven collection *Ellis Island and Other Stories* (1981). *Winter's Tale*, Helprin's spirited new novel, takes up where the best stories in *Ellis Island* ("The Schreuderspitze," "Martin Bayer," and "Tamar") leave off. The rogues and patriots, lovers and mourners, seers and pragmatists who people Helprin's miniatures here join together on a panoramic historical canvas. This grand, Breughel-like feast of a novel resoundingly answers the call for a moral fiction invigorated by consummate artistry (so it's a shame Gardner didn't live to read it).

Set in a past that never was (but that closely resembles turn-of-the-century New York) and a future that probably will never be, *Winter's Tale* speaks to a time sorely bereft of worthy heroes and genuine visionaries. Peter Lake, Helprin's gilded-age wanderer, contains Whitmanic multitudes. From his arrival on the Bayonne shore in a boat called *The City of Justice* to his reappearance at the end of the twentieth century (which beckons that very kind of city), Lake assumes the roles demanded by his various keepers: rugged marsh-dweller, expert burglar, crack mechanic. But it's during his pursuit by a gang of scoundrels and scamps (his ex-partners, Pearly Soames and the Short Tails) that dreams begin to coax Lake towards a higher reality. A white flying horse, "incorruptibly innocent," carries Lake into his immediate future, where he discovers, on a late-night, second-story job, a Beatrice named Beverly, daughter of an Ahab turned millionaire publisher. And like Dante's saintly intercessor, she suggests divine things: she (quite literally) scores the music of the cosmos. Lake, after marrying her, witnesses her untimely death, but not before he is transformed by her perfect love, with its intimations of immortality. His poignant melancholy engenders new meaning for his life. As Dante, the master poet, sought to make heavenly truth permanent through the power of art, so too does Peter Lake, master artisan, seek to annihilate time enroute to the heavenly city. And this city, like the rest of Helprin's unruly landscape, testifies to the order within disorder—the efficacy of "the plan."

The well-oiled engine at the heart of the city and at the core of this novel moves Helprin to risk metaphysical re-

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New York had always been a city destined for the rule of dandies, thieves, and men who resembled hardboiled eggs. Those who made its politics were the people who poured gasoline on fires, rubbed salt into wounds, and carried coals to Newcastle. And its government was an absurdity, a concoction of lunacies, a dying man obliged to race up stairs. The reason for this condition was complex rather than accidental, for miracles are not smoothly calculated. Instead, they are the subjugation of apparent anarchy to a coherent design.

—Mark Helprin
Winter's Tale

flection to make plain the plan:

> In the end, or, rather, as things really are, any event, no matter how small, is intimately and sensibly tied to all others. All rivers run full to the sea; those who are apart are brought together; the lost ones are redeemed; the dead come back to life; the perfectly blue days that have begun and ended in golden dimness continue, immobile and accessible; and, when all is perceived in such a way as to obviate time, justice becomes apparent not as something that will be, but as something that is.

Helprin's winding, sometimes windy, narrative enacts these abstract ideas through his masterly orchestration of character and event.

But what of honesty, courage, sacrifice, and patience? These very words decorate the golden salver (which functions as a kind of holy grail in the novel) of Hardesty Mattara, a Californian who, at the turn of the twentieth century, has chosen the salver rather than inherit the millions left by his wise father. Hardesty's journey eastward re-enacts Lake's ethereal quest, for he too seeks the just city. His epic adventures, which shape the second third of the novel, introduce us to yet more pilgrims and miscreants, from angelic Virginia Gamely to effete Craig Binky, all of whom Helprin unerringly brings to life. And their dramas require correlative scenery—occasions for Helprin to display his technical virtuosity. The mythical Lake of the Coheeries, so far upstate that it's forgotten by cartographers, shimmers in its icy whiteness while an equally imaginary Manhattan prepares for its consumption in flames. We view these democratic vistas as Beverly and Lake view her father's treasured paintings: *tableaux vivants*, artworks that also weave dreams and reality into a seamless fabric.

Thumbnail sketches and philosophical digests hardly suggest the novel's complex design for it resists summary as forcefully as the works of Dante, Blake, and Melville which it so stirringly invokes. But, like Blake, Helprin can be cloyingly cute; at time he strains for effect, drunk in his visionary company. Most unlike Blake though, he never obscures his meaning in protean myth. The apotheosis of his heroes and heroines restores the timeless verities to their rightful place in a just society. Good outwits evil; innocence shames experience. In the world of the novel, the gold-

Resistance to Change?

For a long time it was standard operating procedure among historians and cultural critics to see the Catholic church as the antithesis of modern flux, a fortified island of permanence in the sea of change. It is now the style to see just the opposite: the church swept away by a whirlwind of updating. Both views reflect reality — and exaggerate it. Thus the press portrays the bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear armaments as a radical departure from past teaching when in fact it is a document that largely synthesizes and applies traditional approaches to a new situation. Likewise, whenever the pope reasserts established moral doctrine on a topic like abortion, some observers seem wide-eyed with astonishment and wonder what obscure Eastern European idiosyncrasy could be at work, as though the norm for popes since Vatican II were to take one's ethics from the *New York Times*.

Change continues, both good and bad. So does resistance to change, both good and bad. The latest development is a spate of committees, centers, and publications presenting themselves as lay-initiated counters to the excesses of the clergy and hierarchy . . . Beyond the question of nuclear arms, the chief areas of contention are the degree of moral legitimacy to be granted the current form of American capitalism, the critical stance of U.S. bishops and many other Catholics toward Washington's policy in Central America, and the appropriate focus for the peace-and-justice activities of the church, both at the level of the U.S. Catholic Conference and the dioceses. . . .

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en age *does* arrive, prepared for, on the one hand, by master-builder Jackson Mead's massive bridge to the sky and, on the other, by mayor Praeger dePinto's deistic nostrums delivered to the populace.

But Helprin's apocalypse delivers neither Bunyan's celestial city nor Marx's classless utopia. Instead we are encouraged to enter the flux of time, contoured as it is by a variety of worldly arts; those of living with nature and of discovering God in the details (mastered by both Lake and Mattara) are two which lead to a justified faith: a theology of eternal love. Helprin's magnanimous message of hope and affirmation—this is an old-fashioned novel of ideas—provides a welcome tonic for our weary time, an antidote to fashionable despair.

Vedanta/Buddhist sociology of religion

A SOCIABLE GOD

Ken Wilber
McGraw Hill, $12.95, 160 pp.

John A. Coleman

IN HIS recent volume, *Religion in Sociological Perspective*, the British sociologist of religion Bryan Wilson notes that "the fundamental concepts of the sociology of religion have, since the subject's very beginnings, been heavily indebted to Christian theology, and their applicability to the religions of the non-Christian world has always been problematic."

By relying on Vedanta and Buddhist concepts, Ken Wilber's brief introduction to a transcendental sociology of religion corrects this Western Christian bias. I am not at all convinced that he succeeds in generating a sociology of religion without its own set of problems of applicability, this time to Christianity, Judaism, and Islam. I admit to serious ambivalence about Wilber's attempt, in this book, to correlate transpersonal psychology with sociology of religion. On one hand, this volume includes perceptive insights, analytic acuity and genuine wisdom in places. Thus, Wilber's useful distinction between the authenticity and legitimacy of religions, his taxonomy of nine quite divergent definitions of religion, his recognition that every "level" of religion allows inauthentic distorted expressions, and his project of devising a non-reductionist sociology of religion won me to the book.

On the other hand, I am deeply suspicious of the main theoretical premises of this work: (1) a reliance on a development structuralist scheme which postulates invariant ahistorical and transcultural "deep structures" and (2) an evolutionary perspective which sketches a movement from the pre-rational through the rational on its way to the trans-rational (as if these are not always mixed) and (3) a hierarchical "tree" of levels of analysis wherein the higher level encompasses, yet surpasses, lower levels.

I think that all we ever have, as starting point, is history, hermeneutics, the conflict of interpretations, and culture-bound concepts, affects and artifacts. Of course, insight, understanding, even truth claims are possible. We can, indeed, "pass over" to other cultures and world views and feel relatively at home there. But claims for trans-cultural languages, concepts or "deep structures" have always struck me as either culture-bound imperialisms (as in persistent neo-Kantian schemes in ethics and history of religions) or terribly thin abstractions. I do not much care for Wilber's intellectual heroes: Loevinger, Kohlberg, and Chomsky. Nor have I ever thought that there really is such a thing as Aldous Huxley's *philosophia perennis* to which Wilber consistently appeals. Perhaps as a Westerner, I am unable to appreciate the monism of Hindu thought.

Wilber is something of a guru in transpersonal psychology. Editor-in-chief of *Re-Vision Journal*, he is also the author of some six earlier books which are, probably, better introductions to his passionate interest in transpersonal psychology than this brief attempt to correlate that psychology with sociology of religion, a field he has merely delved into. In any event, his earlier books such as *The Atman Project* or *Up From Eden* are carefully read and widely regarded by contemporary seekers of spirituality outside the Christian churches.

The heart of the book contains a development scheme of nine levels of *knowing* (a symptomatic term!), from the subconscious or pre-rational through the rational to the super-conscious or transpersonal. Wilber postulates three levels of transpersonal knowing: *the psychic* (yogic nature or cosmic consciousness); *the subtle* (the God-communion of the saints); and *the causal* (the God-identity of the sages'. Because of his evolutionary biases, Wilber sees "secularization," rather idiosyncratically, as a stage-specific rung on a ladder leading, it would seem inevitably, to transpersonal consciousness. Archaic forms of myth must be transcended before the subtler transpersonal consciousness is reached.

Curiously, for one who invokes the work of Jurgen Habermas, Wilber sees little of the shadow-side of modern bureaucratic technical rationality. "I believe the trend of rationalization *per se* is necessary, desirable, appropriate, phase-specific and evolutionary." What many, following Weber, argue is ironically a descent into hell, Wilber sees as an inevitable step toward mystic breakthrough.

Wilber's project of developing a non-reductionist transcendental sociology of religion utilizes sociological structural-functionalist analysis while rejecting its reductionist tendencies. Similarly, he appeals to hermeneutics but objects to what he sees as the intrinsic danger in hermeneutics, i.e., the theoretical absolutizing of cultural relativity.

In this, Wilber mistakenly thinks that hermeneutics must maintain, without remainder, that all religions are true, "a stance that precludes any sort of sustained critical appraisal. Hermeneutics has no teeth." Wilber forgets that the project of hermeneutics involves more than "passing over to another world of meaning in empathy" within the closed hermeneutical circle. It also entails passing back in challenge to one's own initial world of meaning. In this second move,

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against cultural relativity, hermeneutics raises the truth question and challenges one's own horizon of meaning. For hermeneutics, all religions are *meaningful*. Some, however, can be truer than others. Much of Wilber's criticism of hermeneutics, in this discussion, is directed against the sociology of Robert Bellah. I think he fundamentally misinterprets Bellah's work.

Readers will have to judge for themselves whether Wilber's "deep structures" are not, when unmasked, really Vedanta or Buddhist structures, not so "deep" after all but culture-bound. Few Christian readers, I surmise, will be persuaded, despite appeals to a logic of deep structure, of his argument, against R.C. Zaehner, that monistic mystical experience is "higher" than theistic mysticism. Few will also be convinced by his fundamental reduction of myth to the pre-rational level. What would he make of Paul Ricoeur's project of a second naivete, i.e. a rational and trans-rational appropriation of myth, a conscious entering into the world of the pre-conscious? Again showing his Vedanta-Buddhist starting point, Wilber nowhere makes room for authentic bhakti or devotional religion. Apophatic (image-less) forms of mysticism are *always* preferred to the way of images, with no serious attention to the pitfalls and possibilities in each.

Bernard Lonergan distinguishes between bright ideas (interesting speculative hypotheses) and good ideas (hypotheses grounded in careful evidence). From the beginning, Wilber never claims for his book more than that it represents a schema of bright ideas. Strangely, although I profoundly disagree with his fundamental intellectual moves, I found the book intriguing, challenging to my Western assumptions in sociology of religion and, in places, very illuminating. It convinced me, more than ever, of just how much conventional Western sociology of religion has been tied to concepts (e.g., the sacred vs. the profane; church-sect typology) of Western Christian provenance.

No unearned garden

EROSION

Jorie Graham

Princeton University Press, $6.95, 83 pp.

THE KINGFISHER

Amy Clampitt

Knopf, $6.95, 148 pp.

Rosemary Deen

A SIMPLE introductory contrast between these poets: Amy Clampitt, the older woman, was brought up in Iowa; Jorie Graham grew up in Italy. Amy Clampitt begins and sustains *The Kingfisher* as a rhapsodist (in its root meaning of one who stitches together) but she's apparently turning to poetry drawn directly out of parent/childhood experience which is serious and therefore seeks a plainer, higher style than her descriptive poems. When she retains the writing habits of the rhapsodist, this turn isn't easy for Miss Clampitt.

It's easy to take pleasure in her lyric descriptions. Lines packed with gorgeous sounds, language, images, seem to rush or tumble forward in continuous movement. "The Cove," the first poem in the book, begins this way:"Inside the snug house, blue willoware/ plates go round the dado, cross-stitch/ domesticates the guest room. . . ." Things activate, and they override point of view. They multiply by proliferating analogies, references to each other, movement. "The Cove" ends:

> a curtain wall just frescoed
> indigo, so immense a hue, a blue
> of such majesty it can't be looked at,
> at whose apex there pulses, even
> in daylight, a lighthouse, light-
> pierced like a needle's eye.

Light and *eye* are there, but you can see how point of view disappears—indeed, the blue "can't be looked at." The ending knots the threads of the beginning: *snug house* and *stitch* are tied to *lighthouse* and *needle*. *Light-pierced* expresses the ecstasy even as it puts out the point of view.

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My pleasure in these poems was qualified partly by their "half-metaphors," images that sound like metaphor, but are only half true and therefore not fused in metaphor's truth. Here's an example from a poem in which sea corridors are scrubbed "twice daily by the indefatigible tidal head nurse." The scrubbing may be true of tides but certainly not of head nurses. The "hum" of such poems (*indefatigible tidal)* probably diverts the poet and keeps her from noticing inaccuracies. The hum (a "motive force. . . all noise") doubtless leads her also into that modern poetry mannerism Frye calls the abstract-of-concrete or the concrete-of-abstract. There are lots of these: "theology of wax," "reprieve of nightmare," "dim tropisms of avoidance."

Then this disturbed me: certain celebrations imperfectly identified. In "Salvage" a bag-laden scavenger is said to be "disencumbered/ of a greater incubus,/ the crush of unexamined attitudes," and in mining our refuse she's said to be "re-establishing. . . the pleasures of the ruined." I don't think so. I recall the women I see on Seventh Avenue, the soles of whose feet are blacker if not colder than the sidewalk they recline on.

The best big poems of the book, "Beethoven, Opus 111" and "Imago," get closer to high style, which in English is the plain style of something like the Sermon on the Mount. With this language "Imago" brings together its landscapes, their layers of past times, with personal history. Early settlers moved on to California, leaving a "headstone

for the infant daughter, aged two
days,
no name, they also left behind.

This infant daughter, buried, no name, suggests the child emerging in the next stanza, who feels so out of her element that she identifies hersef with Anderson's mermaid. Together the images say the impossibility of surviving without metamorphosis. By the end of the poem, on prayer-meeting night, the water clock of time "distils its drop: a luna moth, the emblem/ of the born-again. . . " (unlike the "infant daughter"). Imago

of unfathomable evolvings, living
only to copulate and drop its litter,
does it know what it is, what it has
been,
what it may or must become?

The image of the beautiful moth fuses with plain questions in which the verb *to be* evolves to *may* and *must,* an evolution that the choice of such an emblem implies.

In Jorie Graham's *Erosion* a voice is speaking, an"I," but not about itself, though its experiences are the materials of the poems. The "I" sees to think or thinks to see—it is mind-seeing and sight-minding. "San Sepolcro," the first poem, begins, "In this blue light/ I can take you there" and continues, "This/ is my house,/

my section of Etruscan
wall, my neighbor's
lemon trees, and, just below
the lower church,
the airplane factory.

The simplest language and a slow, steady movement. Here's how it ends: "How clean/ the mind is,

holy grave. It is this girl
by Piero
della Francesca, unbuttoning
her blue dress,
her mantle of weather,
to go into

labor. Come, we can go in.
it is before
the birth of god. No-one
has risen yet .
to the museums, to the assembly
line—bodies
and wings—to the open air
market.This is
what the living do: go in.
It's a long way.
And the dress keeps opening
from eternity

to privacy, quickening.
Inside, at the heart,
is tragedy, the present moment
forever stillborn,
but going in, each breath
is a button

coming undone, something terribly
nimble-fingered
finding all of the stops.

"Holy grave" is a translation of 'San Sepolcro," of course, a small town and the home of Piero and, for a few years, of his Madonna del Parto. But the mind is wholly grave as well.

The clean language makes metaphor out of its simple steps forward that leave nothing behind. *Labor* goes between *factory* and *stillborn. Airplane* gives us *bodies* and *wings* (but no one is risen yet) and then yields to *open air. Air,* with the help of *heart,* gives us *breath. Quickening* with its suggestion of life beginning, runs into *still,* which readies us for the terrible part of *nimble. Fingered* brings back the focus of the painting.

The *opening* action of the poem at first invites us in. We are the living, and the living go in. It opens "to privacy," which we at first think is where we are going (we have begun with "unbuttoning"). But then we realize that the governing point of view of the poem is situated within, "at the heart." *Privacy* is what we are leaving as we move toward *eternity, tragedy.* This is not inviting; we try the poem again. Surely *opening* suggests being born, we think, and that is to come out, into the open air. Yes. To live is to be mantled in "weather," the "blue dress" of this earth, to breathe—and each breath is a button coming undone. The commonness of the words undoes us. A girl with a mantle of weather is not common, of course, but Miss Graham understands and renders in this way the monumental stillness of Piero. *Fingered* and *stops* may suggest an instrument like an organ, but honestly enough, there's no suggestion of music.

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Erosion contains thirty three poems of this extraordinary quality. I reread them as slowly as they could bear it to find the rhythm of the voice that generated them: it is a slow, steady stepping forward. But I had to catch my breath by the end of poems because images seem to take a quantum leap—from seed to Eden in a step. But there are no gaps, no unearned garden, no garment put on that the poem hasn't materialized, patterned, cut, and sewn: "Bruna is teaching me/ to cut a pattern./ Saturdays we buy the cloth./ She takes it in her hands/ like a good idea, feeling/ for texture, grain, the built-in limits./ It's only as an afterthought she asks/ *and do you think it's beautiful?*" An old woman in one poem is "sorting chick peas from pebbles." Though light plays on her face, "changing her," "she has no care" for that: "she is at/ her work." These poems are at their work, leaving their long afterthought to their readers.

Errand into the wilderness

THE UPSTART SPRING
ESALEN AND THE AMERICAN AWAKENING
Walter Truett Anderson
Addison-Wesley, $11.95 paper, 320 pp.

David Toolan

CALIFORNIA: a place where the American expansionist ethos once reached its outer limit; in the sixties and seventies it became a state of mind, a mythic medium for charting inner spaces and untried human potentials. The heart of this new frontier, its laboratory center, was the hanging garden on the big Sur coast named after an extinct Indian tribe, the Esalen Institute. The place is staggeringly beautiful, and about the only metaphysical thing Esalen initiates are likely to agree on is that Selig Morgenrath, its now deceased gardener, was an authentic wise man.

As to the rest, there are more questions than answers. To some, Esalen is Babylon West. To others, like the Kali temple I once visited in Calcutta, it's a three-ring therapeutic circus, all-forgiving, a place of refuge and healing. To others again, Esalen was and is a fast-food American monastery, a secular counterpart to the mountaintop Camaldolese monastery down the road a piece. Walter Anderson's *Upstart Spring* tells Esalen's riveting, unfinished story — even-handedly, entertainingly, with sympathy, and yet holding little back.

In the early seventies, straight from civil disobedience "action," I made my first pilgrimage there for a meditation workshop that was first-rate. By that time, Will Schutz's sometimes brutal "encounters" — lampooned in the film *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* — were already on the wane. This was Great Mother country, permissive, sensual, and nurturing. The next time I returned, in 1977, information theory wizard Hans von Foerster and dolphin researcher John Lilly were bringing cybernetics to lotus land, a harbinger of science conferences to come, and people like Daniel Ellsberg, Andrew Young, and California assemblyman John Vasconcellos were passing through regularly. Just at the time when left critics, in particular, were shelling the place for being intellectually lightweight, nonpolitical, ahistorical, and narcissistic, it was beginning to recover some of the intellectual tone it had had at the start, when people like Arnold Toynbee, S.I. Hayakawa, Gardner Murphy, and Paul Tillich ran seminars there. Yet the place was such a variety store, its ambitions so outsize — nothing less than to put East-West, science and religion, the whole Humpty Dumpty together again — criticisms could always be assured of hitting their mark somewhere, and did. Esalen was a moving target, rather like a snake shedding skins; but it had spawned the anarchic human potential movement, a big, messy target like a church. Selig Morgenrath created a garden of Eden; the noble savages who visited and inhabited the place promptly replicated the Fall.

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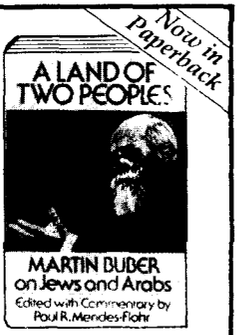

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When Michael Murphy and Richard Price arrived in the summer of 1961 to take over the Murphy family property from the charismatic Church of the God of Prophecy (and the guardianship of Hunter Thompson), they had been encouraged by Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, and Gerald Heard to believe that an amorphous "great evolutionary leap forward" was brewing in the Western psyche, and it needed a launching pad. The two men, both then thirty, had been introduced to oriental wisdom as Stanford undergraduates by Frederic Spiegelberg. Murphy had spent time at Shri Aurobindo's ashram in India, where he took to meditation but not to the authoritarianism of the great man's successor. (Therapeutic and spiritual tyranny would become Esalen conference topics in the early seventies.) Price was not long out of a harrowing hospital treatment of electric shock and insulin, and would later put Esalen in the forefront of the fight for patients' rights. He would also settle down to manage the Big Sur operation and become a masterful practitioner of his own (very gentle) style of gestalt therapy. Murphy, on the other hand, would serve as promoter and idea man, in 1967 moving north to establish the San Francisco Esalen, which closed its doors in 1977 when it could no longer compete with all the Esalen imitators. (Esalen was always democratically generous; she gave away her curative secrets to all comers.) Lately, Murphy's energies are devoted to transformation sports and dialogue with the nascent human potential movement in Russia.

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In 1964, Esalen's orientation shifted from philosophizing to the participatory workshop, and to activism. "Let's fire a shot heard round the world," exclaimed Murphy to *Look* editor George Leonard in that year. With that, the human potential movement became the "consciousness revolution"; Murphy and his friends decided to change the world.

Providence, or in California argot "synchronicity," seemed, at first, to smile on the project. Quite fortuitously, Abraham Maslow, champion of "third force" humanistic psychology, drove by Esalen one day in 1962, dropped in, heard what was going on, and soon became a staunch supporter. 1964 brought Charlotte Selver's "sensory awareness" exercises, the first of a long line of body therapies that would become an Esalen trademark. And that same year, the cantankerous Fritz Perls, founder of gestalt therapy, would move in to stay. Later, in 1967, Willliam Schutz, with his smorgasbord of group therapies under the title of "open encounter," came to stay. The Esalen staples were in place. And these figures were the titans of the late sixties. They did not mix well ("joy boys," Perls contemptuously labeled Schutz and his followers; his judgment of Maslow's "being motivation" is unprintable). Anderson details the ugly (and often hilarious) rivalries that ensued. "Esalen's Law," Richard Price observes, "is that you always teach others what you most need to learn yourself."

For what was actually a brief period, bookworming was out; LSD, primal screams, and the tyranny of "hold nothing back" were in — along with the hereditary American Adam. Rollo May and Maslow begged for "more reading, more research, a stronger philosophic base," but until Perls and Schutz were out of the picture, that advice was hard to pursue. The sociological base was also weak.

> Through all the residential programs there had been a frequently expessed sense of incompleteness, a general belief among the residents that they were getting too much of something and not enough of something else. They talked of the need for "grounding." In search of it, they tried yoga and meditation. . . . (T)hey worked on the buildings, and in the garden . . . clearing weeds, planting trees, literally digging into the ground in search of that missing something outside themselves. The more conventional things that people used as foundations for their personal lives — families, jobs, communities, organized religion — were often the very things the residents had abandoned when they set out for Esalen along the path of self-development.

A rash of suicides in the early seventies sobered enthusiasms. After the "peaks" came the bottomless let-downs; Icarus plunged. But it was just this entry of tragedy, the sense of incompleteness, and the need for greater connections than a humanistic psychology could supply that triggered the shift to transpersonal psychology in the seventies. Snaky Esalen shed its skin again.

Anderson fails to make much of this shift — a theologically significant one, I believe. He is more concerned to coun-

REVIEWERS

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terbalance the excesses of the sixties with important other Esalen contributions — for instance to "confluent education" (cognitive *and* affective), to humanistic medicine, publishing, sports as spiritual discipline, and participatory "theory Y" management. In general though, the author is weak in assessing distinctive developments in the late seventies, for instance the new dialogue going on at Esalen between the hard sciences and traditional religious philosophies, or the more intense religiosity of the place, which frequently degenerates into freaky spiritualism but could — and I don't know if it will — contribute to a nonsectarian American lay spirituality of real substance.

The surviving original Esalen cohort, Anderson suggests, is today somewhat uncertain of its success. They've run a gamut of disillusionments: the distortions of encounter, Baghwan Rajneesh, scientology, Oscar Ichazo's Arica, and that Dale Carnegie parody of Esalen's personal responsibility ethic, Werner Erhard's est training, to mention a few. And today many Esalen enthusiasts see that "it would have been more successful if it had had a healthier respect for the vastness and difficulty of its task." Amen. Though like as not, if such foresight had been there at the start, nothing would have happened.

Since pioneer days, California has served as the test range for America's mythic boundaries. It has no doubt also teased its inhabitants to dream they ought to look and feel as good as the state's scenery and weather. For a while there, such dream space took flesh on Esalen's cliffside soil. The tamed place Anderson describes at the present time (finally hospitable to children) has the slightly musky smell of ripe fruit — or delayed dreams. Perhaps Esalen, its mothering, generative purpose served, is going the way of its American antecedents, New Harmony, Oneida, or Brook Farm. But Anderson may be right in not referring to such precedents, and instead, locating Esalen historically in the less sectarian mobility of Great American Awakenings. For arguably Esalen has been more successful as a cultural force than those earlier utopian communities because, like the awakening circuit riders, it gave itself away, seeded the U.S. landscape with a host of body, mind, and soul arts that other networks and institutions, with firmer sociological roots and longer historical memories, are beginning to harvest. I don't know if the extinct Esalen Indians were into potlatches or not; I do know their successors were, and I am grateful.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 130)

tion, with autonomy of local government for each part. This plan has the support of the Irish government which Britain up to this time has ignored. Even the concept of an "Irish Dimension," i.e., that the Irish Government has an interest in Northern Ireland, has been rejected by Britain.

A United States Envoy to Northern Ireland, such as Assemblyman John Dearie has proposed, and Senators Moynihan, Kennedy, Dodd, Metzenbaum, and Cranston have sponsored, is essential if all parties to the issue, the Irish government, Britain, and representatives of Northern Ireland are to be brought together for discussions to end the killing and attempt to bring peace to the area. Conversations between all parties would be a positive gain. Britain will not of itself come to the conference table without American instigation and world pressure.

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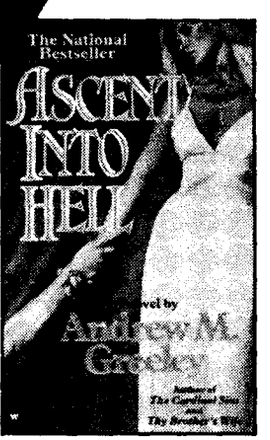

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